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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Worst Republican Senator

Why Pennsylvania should get rid of Arlen Specter

BY JOHN J. MILLER

PLUS:

Steven F. Hayward, The Editors:
The California Revolt

Alex Alexiev, The Editors:
The Saudi Menace

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The United State's economy has been the world's largest for over a century. Converting this potential into actual strength, however, requires keeping an eye on the health of key industries. While the news is filled with images of American fighters catapulting off aircraft carriers and tanks rolling through Baghdad, beneath the military muscle is a deteriorating manufacturing sector that weakens the ability of the United States to remain the unchallenged Superpower in the future.

The defense cuts of the 1990s devastated many of the industries that supply the U.S. military. Many U.S. firms dropped out of the business of building parts for weapons systems due to lack of work. Consequently, some were bought up by foreign interests who wanted U.S. technology and know-how to add to their own industrial capabilities. Major corporations have been outsourcing military parts from foreign suppliers more with an eye to profit than security.

The House Armed Services Committee chaired by Rep. Duncan Hunter (R-CA) has attempted to reverse these dangerous trends in the 2004 Defense Authorization bill. This legislation requires that all machine tools used in military production be made in the United States by 2007. It creates a $100 million fund to help firms reconstitute lost manufacturing capabilities vital to national defense. The bill also mandates that the Secretary of Defense draw up a list of components and technologies that are critical to the production of U.S. weapon systems, and that the industrial capacity to produce such items be located within the United States.

American enterprise has provided the country with superior weapons and diplomatic leverage, thus preserving America's ability to act independently when the nation's interests require it. The preservation of the U.S. defense industrial base should be a core objective in national security planning.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 2003 VOL. LV, NO. 16

NATIONAL REVIEW

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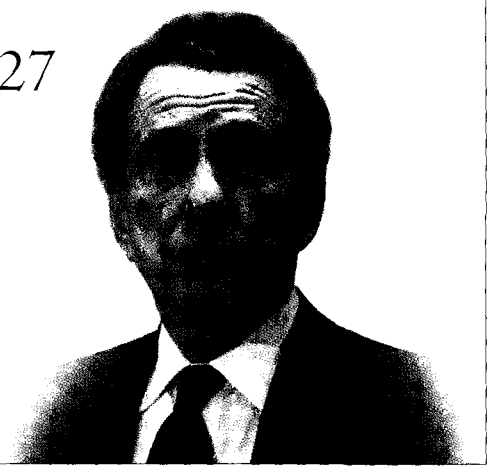
■ COVER STORY

The Awful Specter of Yet Another Term

Page 27

Arlen Specter may not be the most unreliable GOP senator, but he is almost certainly the most harmful, because he is smart, ruthless, and influential. The alternative is to rally behind Pat Toomey. *By John J. Miller*



ARTICLES

17 **Arnold's Wild State** *by Steven F. Hayward*
For California and for conservatives, populism has its ups and downs.

18 **No Quagmire** *by John O'Sullivan*
How to avoid one this time.

20 **Stopping the Saudis** *by Alex Alexiev*
Is this administration willing? Apparently not.

22 **Money Melee** *by Alan Reynolds*
What Milton Friedman said—and why he's right.

23 **The Boobs of the Beeb** *by Theodore Dalrymple*
A media monopoly that only gets worse.

25 **Color in Coaching** *by Jay Nordlinger*
How racial games are played in the NFL.

27 **The Awful Specter of Yet Another Term** *by John J. Miller*
Conservatives need a friend in Pennsylvania.

30 **Annals of Bush-Hating** *by Byron York*
Have you seen what's out there? And do the media care?

33 **An Empire Like No Other** *by John Derbyshire*
The British experience was unique; America will write its own chapters.

COVER: *AFP/Corbis*

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

39 Some Victory—*Ramesh Ponnuru* . . . Bearing Right: How Conservatives Won the Abortion War, *by William Saletan*

40 Horror Show—*Andrew Stuttaford* . . . Profoundly Disturbing: Shocking Movies That Changed History!, *by Joe Bob Briggs*

46 The Kids Aren't Alright—*Kate O'Beirne* . . . Day Care Deception: What the Child Care Establishment Isn't Telling Us, *by Brian C. Robertson*

47 Focus on Evil—*Steven Menashi* . . . Talk of the Devil: Encounters with Seven Dictators, *by Riccardo Orizio*

49 Tidal Wave—*William A. Rusher* . . . Mexifornia: A State of Becoming, *by Victor Davis Hanson*

51 Shelf Life: The Reagan Way—Michael Potemra on the lessons of Ronald Reagan.

52 City Desk: A Village Voice—Richard Brookhiser on the folk-music tradition in New York.

SECTIONS

2 Letters
4 For the Record
6 The Week
16 Notes & Asides
36 Help!
38 The Long View
48 Poetry
54 On the Right
56 What's Right

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letters to the editor

CHALLENGING PREFERENCES

Many things might have made a difference in the outcome of the Center for Individual Rights cases challenging preferences at the University of Michigan, but surely not the fact that CIR didn't attack the claim of the educational benefits of diversity, as John Miller suggests in "'Diversity' . . . *D'oh!*" (July 28). There was more than ample evidence in the record concerning the university's alleged "evidence," and at no point did we concede on this issue.

Unfortunately, the trial courts, the court of appeals, and the Supreme Court were not the least bit interested in even hearing our evidence, but at every stage took the position that this was a legal question, not a factual one.

Terence J. Pell
President, Center for Individual Rights
Washington, D.C.

A RADICAL INTRUSION?

NR's editorial "A Necessary Amendment" (Aug. 11) is wrong about the reach of the proposed Federal Marriage Amendment: It is more radical than the editors imagine, and could even be interpreted to prevent state legislatures from granting same-sex couples a modicum of legal protection, since such laws would have to be "construed" by courts to be enforceable.

The FMA is a far-reaching intrusion on federalism. It is not in the least conservative.

Dale Carpenter
Prof., Univ. of Minn. Law School
Minneapolis, Minn.

POISON DETOX

Ramesh Ponnuru's "Pick Your Poison" (Aug. 11) reminds me that almost all proposals for health-care reform avoid the most basic premise of insurance: It should protect against catastrophic costs. By addressing single aspects of health care (e.g., drugs), one avoids the common denominator: dollars spent.

Ninety-eight percent of the growth in health-care costs over the 40 years prior to 1993 can be accounted for by a single variable: the percentage of these costs borne by the consumer. Control this, and one controls costs.

The fairest way to define catastrophic is by a fixed percent of income. WFB used this in a recent column. A person with $10,000 in income would be responsible for up to $1,000; one earning $100,000, up to $10,000.

John E. Reith
Wilmington, Del.

DON'T FORGET . . .

In his What's Right column ("The North Goes South," July 14), David Frum wrote that "children need mothers and fathers, *their own* mothers and fathers." My daughter lives with her mother and father, but is not biologically related to either of us. She is adopted, and we are no less her parents because of the lack of biological connection.

Adoption should be near to the hearts of those who favor conservative principles. It is an alternative to abortion, single-parent families, and hastily arranged, unwise marriages in the setting of pregnancy. It is also a central Christian metaphor (Ephesians 1:5).

Lacey Washington
Milwaukee, Wis.

THE CARICATURE WOULDN'T DO?

Having just read Rob Long's otherwise excellent article "Hearing America Singing . . ." (July 14), I must protest his use of the inclusive "we" in describing fat Americans.

I don't believe that Mr. Long is fat at all. First, he hails from L.A. Second, no fat person would ever admit to stopping for pork ribs and following that up a half hour later by downing a pork sandwich at a different place.

I get the underlying metaphor, but the piece would have been better had you included a photo of the author.

Jonathan F. Keiler
Bowie, Md.

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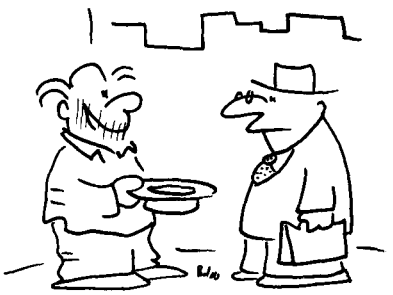

"Actually, sir, I did have a job once, but I decided to quit while I was ahead."

■ In Fox News poll, President **Bush** earns 59 percent approval rating, and 65 percent say going to war in Iraq was "the right thing to do." . . . Bush: "I'm confident that our search will yield that which I strongly believe: that Saddam had a weapons [of mass destruction] program." . . . Deputy defense secretary **Paul Wolfowitz**, on Fox News: "It is a sacrifice that is going to make our children and our grandchildren safer because the battle to win the peace in Iraq now is the central battle in the war on terrorism." . . . Bush on Democratic filibusters: "These obstructionist tactics are unprecedented, unfair, and unfaithful to the Senate's constitutional responsibility to vote on judicial nominees." . . . Sen. **Rick Santorum** (R., Pa.) on filibusters, in *Washington Post*: "What we are seeing, de facto, from members of the other side is a religious test." . . . Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.) on whether Bush will be reelected, on Fox News: "You never take anything for granted in an election, number one. And number two is a lot of it's going to depend on the economy. If the economy doesn't improve, any incumbent is going to have some difficulties."

■ Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.): "Some in my party are sending out a message that they don't know a just war when they see it, and, more broadly, are not prepared to use our military strength to protect our security and the cause of freedom." . . . More Lieberman: "If George Bush and his bankrupt ideology are the problem, old Democratic policies like higher taxes and weakness on defense are not the solution." . . . Former governor **Howard Dean** (D., Vt.): "Most Americans would gladly pay the same taxes they paid under President **Bill Clinton** if they could just get the Clinton economy back." . . . Sen. **John Kerry** (D., Mass.): "Real Democrats don't walk away from the middle class. They don't take away a tax credit for families struggling to raise their children, or bring back a tax penalty for married couples who are starting out, or penalize teachers and waitresses by raising taxes on the middle class." . . . Kerry on Vatican's gay-marriage pronouncements, in *Boston Herald*: "It is important not to have the church instructing politicians. That is an inappropriate crossing of the line in this country." . . . Teamsters endorse Rep. **Dick Gephardt** (D., Mo.) for president. . . . In Fox News poll of Democrats, 47 percent say Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.) would be stronger candidate than any Democrat now running for president, but 44 percent disagree. . . . In Franklin Pierce College poll of New Hampshire Democrats, 59 percent say Hillary would not be first choice if she became candidate. . . . Sen. **Evan Bayh** (D., Ind.), in *New York Times*: "It is our belief that the Democratic party has an important choice to make: Do we want to vent or do we want to govern?" . . . Gov. **Rod Blagojevich** (D., Ill.) on the Democratic field, according to Associated Press: "How many candidates are there? Nine? Ten? I could probably name them if you forced me but I could probably give you the Cubs' starting lineup a lot easier."

■ Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.) says he won't seek reelection, creating strong pick-up opportunity for GOP in 2004. . . . Democrats await decision from Sen. **John Breaux** (D., La.) on whether he will run again. . . . California Teachers Association president **Barbara Kerr** on decision by Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D.) to support D.C. school choice, in *Los Angeles Times*: "I have no idea why she's doing this. It's out of character and it doesn't make any sense." . . . Gov. **Jeb Bush** (R., Fla.) criticizes brother's administration for sending 12 suspected Cuban hijackers back to Castro's regime, in *Miami Herald*: "Despite the good intentions of the administration to negotiate the safety of these folks, that is an oppressive regime, and given the environment in Cuba, it's just not right." . . . Sen. **John Warner** (R., Va.) on whether Bush administration has made persuasive case for Liberian intervention: "It has not been answered to my satisfaction."

■ San Francisco mayor **Willie Brown** (D.) on California recall, on ABCNews.com: "If it works for Republicans, all you've got to do is raise enough money. I have enough money to have it work for Democrats. And believe me, I think the Democrats will do it." . . . Alabama governor **Bob Riley** (R.) uses religion to defend tax-hike proposal, reports AP: "According to our Christian ethics, we're supposed to love God, love each other, and help take care of the poor." . . . In *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 55 percent oppose law allowing gay marriage. . . . Rep. **Sheila Jackson Lee** (D., Texas) says National Weather Service should "try to be inclusive of African American names" when identifying hurricanes. . . . NAACP's **Julian Bond** on **Ward Connerly**'s Proposition 54, in *New York Times*: "California is the petri dish for this evil bacteria."

■ **Uday Hussein**, dead son of **Saddam**, in early April: "This time I think the Americans are serious. Bush is not like Clinton. I think this is the end." . . . Japan authorizes troop deployment to Iraq, marking first time since Second World War Japanese soldiers will enter combat zone. . . . British prime minister **Tony Blair**, asked to comment on BBC's leftward tilt: "Well, that's very tempting, but I've learned to resist temptation."

■ **Jay Leno**: "Former president Bill Clinton says he's coming here to California to help Gov. **Gray Davis** in his recall election campaign, which is ironic, isn't it? When Clinton was president, he couldn't recall anything." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ It took warships off the coast of Liberia to get Charles Taylor to leave. In California, it may only take bad poll numbers to get Gray Davis to quit.

■ The Episcopal Church, U.S.A., at its triennial General Convention, elected the Rev. Canon V. Gene Robinson to be the next Bishop of New Hampshire. Bishop-elect Robinson is openly—and, he has told the world, actively—homosexual. He divorced his wife and abandoned his two young daughters 18 years ago to follow his sexual inclinations. Two days after this vote, the Convention endorsed the practice of blessing same-sex unions, though it declined to authorize the writing of a liturgy for this purpose. Conservative bishops registered a dignified protest at Canon Robinson's elevation; over two dozen walked out of the proceedings. The American Anglican Council, an organization of conservative clergy, will meet in Plano, Texas, this October to decide a course of action. Anglican churches in other countries, especially in the Third World, have also protested the Convention decisions, obliging the Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the worldwide church, to summon their prelates to a different conference, also in October. Bishop-elect Robinson is serene amidst all the consternation he has caused. Following the Convention vote, he declared that "I don't think you can get to Easter except through Good Friday," thus apparently comparing the event to the Resurrection. He further told the assembled bishops that his "relationship" with his "partner" was "sacramental for me." Leaving aside Robinson's cavalier attitude toward his family obligations, his divorce ("A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife"—1 Timothy 3:2), and his ongoing extramarital sexual activities ("Go, and sin no more"—John 8:11)—for which he displays no repentance ("Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"—Luke 13:3)—is *narcissism* not a sin, one manifestation of the sin of pride? Is *anything* a sin any more?

Queer Eye for the Straight Guy—Episcopal-style

ROMAN GENN

■ In our last issue, NR made the case for amending the Constitution to head off a judicial coup for gay marriage. The journalist Andrew Sullivan has criticized our editorial. His indictment is twofold. First, we are inconsistent because we are "not proposing an amendment to make divorce or multiple remarriage or sperm banks illegal." We are therefore saying that "the most shameless, intentionally childless, days-long, Green Card, Vegas chapel, heterosexual marriage is worthy of more legal and social protection than a long-term faithful and loving gay relationship with kids." Actually, we would very much favor a tightening of the divorce laws, measures to reduce illegitimacy, and other efforts to strengthen marriage among heterosexuals. And, if the pre-1960s legal rules regarding divorce were in place and the courts were poised to liberalize them by fiat, we might very well be for a constitutional amendment to prevent that. Since we are in that situation today with respect to gay marriage but not to divorce, the parallel does not hold. Second, Sullivan complains that our editorial makes no reference to "gay people's lives or relationships or needs." We do not come out for any alternative to gay marriage, such as domestic partnerships; nor do we explain whether we favor private-sector benefits for same-sex partners. We "have yet to come up with a single constructive proposal to ameliorate the lives of gay people." We must in part plead guilty. We do not, in general, believe that it is a responsibility of government to meet people's perceived "needs." We are not sure that government can "ameliorate the lives of gay people," whatever that means. (Sullivan appears to be referring to the desirability of reduced promiscuity among gays.) Private-sector benefits are a matter to be worked out by employers and employees. We would like people, whatever their sexual practices or affinities, to have health benefits and the like; and we favor various free-market policies to effect this goal. What we do not favor is any sort of formal governmental recognition of homosexual relationships. But the amendment leaves open various possibilities. It ensures that they are decided upon in a democratic debate, a debate that takes place without the threat of judicial decrees in the background. If Sullivan has a workable alternative program to achieve that goal, we are eager to hear it.

■ The Vatican issued a statement declaring that it would be "gravely immoral" to vote for governmental recognition of gay unions. In response, John Kerry offered some moral instruction

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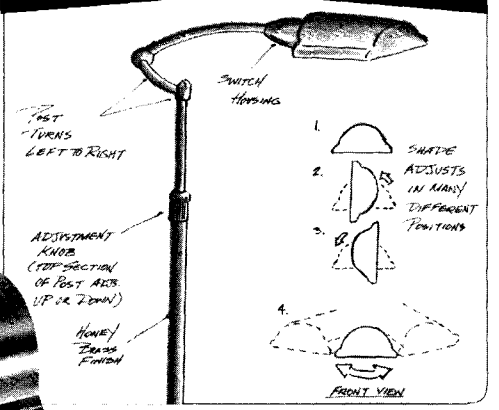
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THE WEEK...

to his Church: To "have the church instructing politicians" is "an inappropriate crossing of the line in America." Others branded the Vatican statement "theocratic." The upshot would appear to be that churches may not assist in the formation of their members' consciences, at least in matters of public controversy. The Vatican is imposing nothing. It is proposing that gay marriage and similar proposals would not serve "the common good," and explaining why. Its statement has special force for Catholics, but is addressed to all people of good will. Judging from the reaction to its statement—Rep. Patrick Kennedy (D., R.I.) called it, and presumably all opposition to gay marriage, "bigotry"—they are in short supply these days.

■ Republicans say that Senate Democrats are trying to keep faithful Catholics from being federal judges. The Democrats are outraged: Everyone knows bigotry is found only in Republican ranks. In truth, the Democrats are blocking the nomination of Bill Pryor and others because they are pro-life. In the case of Priscilla Owen, they have gone further. They are blocking her because she did not construe a parental-consent law to be as weak as possible. But the practical effect of the Democrats' abortion litmus test is to veto Catholic nominees who are faithful to their Church's teachings, as well as Evangelical Protestants and others whose faiths instruct them to oppose abortion. The Democrats would prefer that nobody draw attention to this fact. Republicans should call them on it, and let voters decide whether to tolerate the Democrats' intolerance.

■ In a speech to an appreciative audience of MoveOn.org anti-war activists, Al Gore enthusiastically threw in with the Dead End Democrats Joe Lieberman frets about. Accusing President Bush of ignoring "the mandates of basic honesty," Gore asserted that troops are dying and the country imperiled because of the president's dangerous deception. A few short years ago, Gore was sounding the alarm about Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, warning that "this man has no compunction about killing lots and lots of people." Five years later, Hussein is gone and our former vice president disgracefully recasts Bush in the villain's role.

■ The Christian community faces another schism—over Republican governor Bob Riley's $1.2 billion tax increase, which Alabama voters will consider in a September referendum. The governor argues that supporting the largest tax increase in the state's history is voters' Christian duty, and Roberta Combs, president of the Christian Coalition of America, agrees. The Coalition's local chapter has been campaigning against the referendum—along with the Eagle Forum and the Family Research Council—but Combs has vowed "to help Alabama's courageous Christian governor achieve this bold and rightful mission." Under the governor's plan, taxes would be reduced on low-income families, but the average Alabama family of four would pay almost $1,200 in additional taxes. The state GOP opposes the package, as do voters—by a two-to-one margin, according to a recent poll. The increases in taxes and state spending have won the support of the state's Democratic party and teachers lobby. Our guess is that Combs's Eleventh Commandment dictating higher taxes and spending is the only one Alabama liberals are in favor of posting on its courthouse walls.

■ Newly released findings from the FBI's 9/11 report seem to cast doubt on the theory that Flight 93 passengers overpowered the hijackers and brought down the plane in Pennsylvania. An analysis of cockpit recordings seems to indicate that terrorist-pilot Ziad Jarrah deliberately crashed it to end the passengers' revolt. Either way: Terrorists hijacked Flight 93 with the intention (it appears) of slamming it into the White House; were it not for the bravery of the passengers, they would likely have succeeded. The war on terror didn't begin with the post–9/11 freezing of assets, the capture of radical Islamists, or military action against the Taliban: It began on that morning itself, when a group of ordinary Americans made the ultimate sacrifice in defense of our nation.

■ Charles Taylor, kakistocrat of Liberia, has finally gone into exile. Several dozen Marines are in the country, securing the American embassy and coordinating relief work, while 2,300 more float offshore. The condition of Liberia is dire. The monstrous Taylor has been succeeded by a henchman, Moses Blah, while two rebel groups, mobilized by Taylor's oppressions and by greed for diamonds and lumber, hold large swaths of territory. The lead in peacekeeping, however, should properly be taken by West Africans (Nigeria has sent 800 troops) and later by the U.N. America's resources must be committed to dealing with its immediate enemies, in the Middle East and elsewhere. They are stretched because of the administration's decision to fight the Terror War from a peacetime posture. Liberians will pay for our thrift; may we not.

■ The latest squall in the Israeli-Palestinian peace process concerns The Fence, a mostly wire, partly concrete barrier that separates Israel from the Palestinian areas of the West Bank. The Bush administration has considered reducing loan guarantees to Israel in order to get the fence dismantled. Unlike the Berlin Wall, the fence does not exist to keep Israelis in. Unlike the

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John, glad-handing, has become
Much less circumspect,
Grabbing at an elbow or,
If it's some real HE,
Getting down and dirty on
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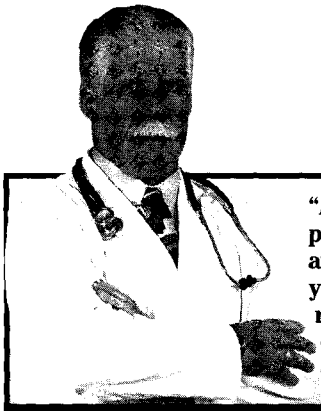

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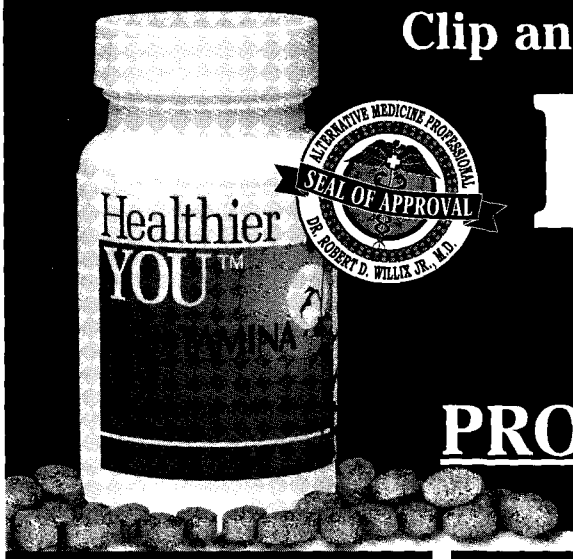

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THE WEEK...

fences on portions of our border with Mexico, it does not seek to keep immigrants out. The fence is intended to make it harder for terrorists to sneak into Israel and murder Israelis. On August 12, the relative calm of recent days was shattered by a pair of Palestinian suicide bombings. We don't want Israel engaged in all-out warfare; what then is left to it but self-defense? President Bush is trying to move the Palestinian question out of the morass of irredentism and death in which it has been bogged down for so long. He should quit swinging for the fences and focus on real issues.

■ Faith Fippinger, former Iraqi human shield, has received a bill for $10,000 from the U.S. Treasury for violating U.S. sanctions against Iraq. Though Fippinger is refusing to pony up, the Treasury Department—which insists that the fine will increase if not paid, and will likely be taken from Fippinger's Social Security account—may be on to a novel way to recover some of the costs of war.

■ The director of the third Harry Potter film, Alfonso Cuarón, sees parallels between his work and current events. Some time back, he made a comment to the effect that Voldemort, the evil wizard, reminded him of George W. Bush. Now it appears that Saddam Hussein, too, is on the outs with the director: "[Bush and Hussein] both have selfish interests and are very much in love with power. Also, a disregard for the environment. A love for manipulating people." You know a European is getting tough on Saddam when he starts comparing him to *you know who* . . .

■ What makes a person conservative? A team of four researchers from Berkeley, Stanford, and the University of Maryland has found the answer: "fear and aggression, dogmatism and intolerance of ambiguity, uncertainty avoidance, need for cognitive closure, and terror management." At the core of the conservative personality, these scholars tell us, are "resistance to change" and "tolerance for inequality." All these findings were reported in a formal study, "Political Conservatism as Motivated Social Cognition," published in the *Psychological Bulletin* of the American Psychological Association. A sample from the crystalline truths unearthed by these diligent, objective scientists: "[Ronald Reagan's] chief accomplishment in effect was to roll back both the New Deal era and the 1960s, which was also the goal of former speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives Newt Gingrich and many other neo-conservatives often regarded as advocates of change." Oh, so that's what happened to Social Security and Medicare. The authors further note that: "One is justified in referring to Hitler, Mussolini, Reagan, and Limbaugh as right-wing conservatives not because they share an opposition to 'big government' or a mythical, romanticized view of Aryan purity—they did not share these specific attitudes—but because they all preached a return to an idealized past and favored or condoned inequality in some form." Certainly no one can accuse the authors of this paper of opposition to big government: Congressional inquirers discovered that the driveling, moronic thing was partly funded by a $1.2 million grant from—can you guess?—the U.S. taxpayer.

■ A July Gallup poll, taken after the Supremes' *Lawrence* decision, which found a constitutional right to sodomy, shows softening public support for gay issues across the board. Forty-eight percent declared support for legalizing gay sex, down from 60 percent in May. Fifty-seven percent opposed gay civil unions, the highest number since Gallup first popped the question in 2000. A plurality, 49 percent, did not think that homosexuality was "an acceptable alternative lifestyle"—the first vote of no confidence since 1997. One poll does not a trend make, especially since the results of this one are so spongy: That 48 percent supporting legal gay sex still tops the 46 percent who oppose it. What the numbers may inchoately show is a mild anti-gay backlash, perhaps arising from a sense of surfeit. How much can we hear about the trials, travails, and concerns of a low-single-digit chunk of American society? In his 1968 election book, *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, Norman Mailer reflected that he was "tired of Negroes." This, at the very moment that the civil rights movement was mutating into the craziness of black power and the insidiousness of racial preferences. Is the Gay Moment ticking down to 59, 58, 57 seconds?

■ New York City has announced the opening of the first public high school for gay, lesbian, bisexual, and "transgender" students. Harvey Milk High, named after a gay San Francisco city supervisor killed in 1978, will offer a traditional curriculum and—so the theory goes—a secure learning environment for gay teenagers. That such a school should even be deemed necessary is surely proof that something has gone radically wrong in our public schools: In many cases, as Harvey Milk backers are quick to remind us, gay students have dropped out of school as a result of homophobic attacks. Still, the only real solution is to punish harassment where and when it occurs—not to ghet-

. . . a little like judging an article by reading some of the reporter's notes.

Mel Gibson's not-yet-released film, *The Passion*, is a two-hour account of Christ's arrest, trial, torture, and execution. It has already been attacked by un-Christian Christians—that is to say, academic theologians—and by Jews whose jobs as interest-group lobbyists require them to keep the pot boiling. They accuse Gibson of anti-Semitism and inaccuracy on the basis of an unauthorized early script, which is a little like judging an article by reading some of the reporter's notes. Stunned by the bad publicity, Gibson has been showing a rough cut to presumably friendly audiences of conservative Catholics and Evangelicals. Predictably, he has been attacked for that too. Gibson appears to be trying to make a brutal and unsparing work of Christian piety—with what success, we will not know until it is done. Patience, Mr. Gibson.

MATT MENDELSOHN/CORBIS

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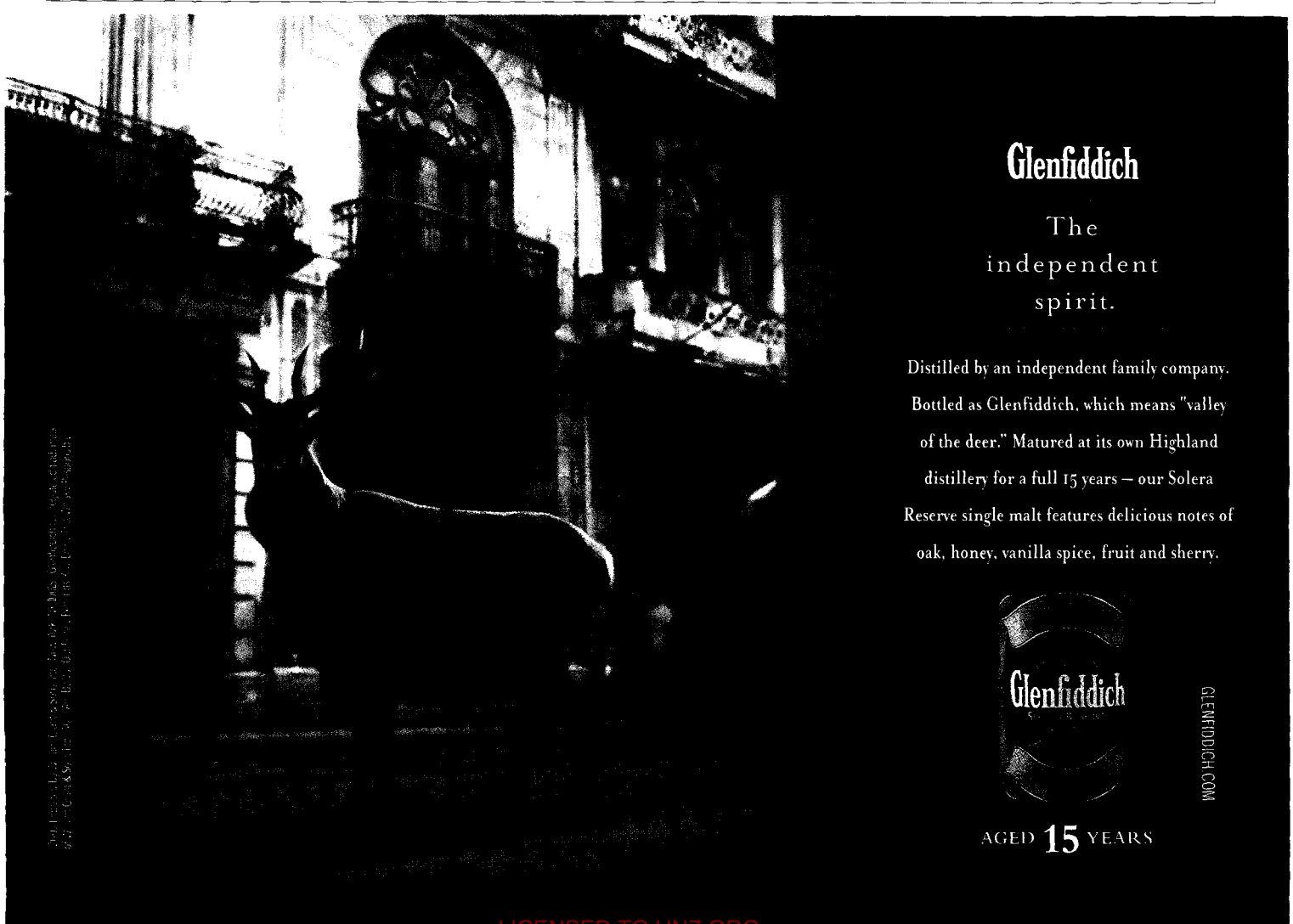
toize the victims. (How would city officials feel about a public school created specifically for female students who have been beaten or raped?) Gays themselves have reacted ambivalently to the proposal. "Every high school has their jackass," one New Yorker pointed out to the *New York Post*. "I ignored it. I don't give in to stupidity."

■ Pink construction-paper hearts adorn the walls of the waiting room at Pittsburgh's Allegheny Reproductive Health Center, an abortion clinic. One heart reads: "To my little angel . . . You will always be *my* baby. I will see you in heaven, sweetheart. I love you." Another: "I have a lot of goals to fulfill . . . and with a child right now, those goals would be impossible. We all have freedom of choice, and my choice is to wait until I want a child and am married—not now." This particular memorial wall is not on a pro-life website; American women can read about it where we did: the September issue of *Glamour* magazine. The irony of the words "we all have freedom of choice," written from mother to aborted child, will not escape all of them.

■ The 1986 "Meese Commission" report on pornography is notorious, a catalyst for First Amendment hysteria from liberals and civil libertarians—"chilling effect" and the like. But Traci Lords, former child-porn star, has a different take. In her new memoir, Lords recounts how a federal raid ended her "career" at age 18 and turned her life as a junkie and "prostitute" (what she considers life as a porn star) around. In an interview about the book, Lords recently said, "I have to thank Ed Meese for saving my life." We know vindication when we see it.

■ Time was, hurricanes were identified by female names. Then, in 1979, responding to complaints from feminists, the World Meteorological Association added male names. (Prompting some wags to observe that, as well as hurricanes, we now had *his*-icanes.) Onward marches progress: Rep. Sheila Jackson Lee (D., Tex.) has noticed that the list of names currently in use for hurricanes includes none of those favored by African Americans—Antwon, Jamal, Latonya, Teshelle, and the like. "All racial groups should be represented," huffed Lee. Perhaps they should; though given the high levels of immigration from all over the world in recent decades, it is hard to see why we should stop with Rep. Lee's preferred category. Why not Hurricane Suresh, Hurricane Qingjiang, Hurricane Mohammed, Hurricane Benjakalyani, or Hurricane Pathirannahelage? If we are going to be multicultural, let's go whole hog.

■ British-based performance artist Stelarc—whose website describes his work as "[exploring] and [extending] the concept of the body and its relationship with technology"—has announced plans to have a human ear grown in a biotech laboratory and permanently grafted onto his forearm. "The ear will be surgically placed under a flap of skin on Stelarc's arm, where it will develop its own blood supply," explains a report in Britain's *Observer*. (An initial plan had the ear grafted to the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THE WEEK...

artist's head, but was rejected as too dangerous.) Even for what passes as contemporary "art," however, the Extra Ear project may have crossed the line. "He is not exploring anything artistic at all," points out David Lee, editor of the arts magazine *Jackdaw*. "He's just putting an ear on his arm."

■ "What made Milwaukee famous has made a loser out of me," asserted the old song. Now twelve citizens of Scotland, of ages from 18 to 60, are hoping to become winners in a lawsuit against the makers of alcoholic beverages, apparently including the one that made Scotland famous. The model here is the stupendous settlements won by smokers against tobacco companies in the U.S. The law firm representing the topers has already said it intends to employ arguments similar to those in the U.S. tobacco suits—damage to health, inadequate warnings, corporate cover-ups, etc. As has so often been said: While foreigners may have misgivings about American power, they find our culture hard to resist. So much the worse for them.

■ A new biography of John Wayne by a British author claims that Stalin, fearing the Duke's inspirational effect on the world's anti-Communists, tried to have him assassinated. Two exiled Ukrainians living in the U.S. were given the contract. They broke into Wayne's changing room at Warner Brothers' Hollywood studios, but were thwarted by the FBI, who had got wind of the business. The contract remained open, though, until after Stalin's death, when Nikita Khrushchev, a John Wayne fan, had it rescinded. The biographer tells us that Mao Tse-tung also had it in for Wayne, attempting an assassination by sniper when the actor visited Vietnam in 1966. What all this seems to confirm is that Commies aren't very smart. The average John Wayne movie contained at least 20 minutes' worth of Wayne being shot at by actors firing blank rounds (or, depending on the precise *mise en scène*, being assaulted by Indians shooting arrows or brandishing tomahawks). Surely an infiltration onto the movie set would have done the trick? No wonder these dimwits ended up in history's trashcan.

■ David Brooks has been a bestselling author, senior editor of *The Weekly Standard*, contributor to just about everyplace and coiner of the word "Bobos"—short for bourgeois bohemians, the upwardly aspiring upper-middle-class types who serve both kulcha and Mammon, and whose rituals and field markings he recorded with a Trollopian eye. Before all these achievements, however, he brought his sharp prose and relaxed wit to NATIONAL REVIEW, where he worked in 1984–85. In September, he becomes a columnist for the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*, to which he will bring a conservative inclination, his sociologist's instincts, and more laughs per paragraph than Maureen Dowd can crank out in a year.

■ More Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy news: John O'Sullivan, former editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and currently an editor-at-large, takes the helm of *The National Interest*. *The National Interest* is the premier organ of American foreign-policy realism: not *realpolitik*, but the oldest American foreign policy of Washington and Hamilton, that seeks to advance our ideals and interests while always avoiding what James Burnham would call "politics as wish." Who better to edit the journal than O'Sullivan, who was one of the first to discern the salient features of the postwar world—the danger of a runaway Europe, the threats posed to national sovereignty by feckless treaties and porous borders? O'Sullivan also has the ardent respect for America that is given perhaps only to Britons (think Churchill, Thatcher, Blair). Special bonus: He knows his champagne. *The National Interest*, and the national interest, will be well served indeed.

■ Yet more Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy news: *The Rush Limbaugh Show* turned a venerable 15 on August 1. Whence its huge success? Like any good entrepreneur, Limbaugh found an unserved market. Conservatives are a minority, sometimes a shunned one, on the commanding heights of the culture—Hollywood, journalism, publishing, the academy. Limbaugh built a new height—talk radio. Like Moses he touched the rock with his staff and untapped reservoirs of interest gushed forth. Limbaugh is a consummate professional. He came to his show with years of experience as a DJ; he does his homework, and has maintained his boisterous pitchman's delivery even through severe hearing loss. Finally, he's funny and his targets are ridiculous. Here's to the next 15.

TERRORISM

The Saudi Connection

FORGET the missing WMDs, the 16 words, the uranium from Niger. Potentially the most dangerous foreign-policy issue confronting the Bush administration, and its greatest dereliction in the War on Terror, is its see-no-evil approach to terror's bankers, the Saudis.

Alex Alexiev (see p. 20) sketches the big picture. The news peg for this issue has been the administration's refusal to declassify 28 pages of Congress's Joint Inquiry Report into 9/11. The Bushmen said that publicizing the information might jeopardize national security. After their announcement, the Saudi foreign minister, Prince (of course) Saud (of course) al-Faisal, demanded that the info be released, declaring, "We have nothing to hide." But this was probably kabuki—a PR lamentation only after he was sure the case was closed.

A leak to the press opened the case a bit. The embargoed pages of the report discussed the strange case of Omar al-Bayoumi, a Saudi national formerly of San Diego, who was allegedly a student, though he seemed to have unlimited amounts of cash. Bayoumi also knew two of the 9/11 hijackers, helping them get an apartment and paying their first month's rent. Bayoumi is now in Saudi Arabia, and recently was re-questioned by the FBI.

The Bayoumi episode, however lurid-seeming, may turn out to be a true coincidence. The flood of Saudi money—much of it from government-run charities—into Islamist hate and terrorism worldwide is quite deliberate. Congress is beginning to ask what the administration is doing about it. On July 31, the

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An Independent Palestinian State

Would it be a peaceful neighbor of Israel or would it lead to war?

President Bush, prodded by the "international community" and in order to appease the Arabs, who are furious about our war against Iraq, has designed a "Road Map" for the Middle East, aided by the "quartet" of the U.N., the European Union and Russia. At the end of that road, presumably in 2005, an independent Palestinian state would arise as a peaceful neighbor of Israel.

What are the facts?

An aura of inevitability. The concept of a Palestinian state, which has by now acquired an aura of almost inevitability, is a fairly new and quite unjustified one. It is unjustified because there are no distinct "Palestinian" people—they are the same Arabs as those of Lebanon, Syria and Jordan. The concept of a Palestinian state came about after the Six-Day War in 1967. It is the product of unrelenting Arab propaganda and insistence. A Palestinian state never occurred to the Ottomans who ruled the area until their defeat in World War I, nor to the British when they had the mandate over Palestine until 1948, nor to the Jordanians who ruled the "West Bank" from 1948 to 1967. George Bush (father) declared "...In accordance with U.S. traditional policy, we do not support the creation of an independent Palestinian state." It is therefore difficult to understand why his son, our current president, would declare that it was "...a vision of longstanding U.S. policy to create a Palestinian state west of the Jordan River."

> House Majority leader Tom DeLay put it well when he said, "I can't imagine this president supporting a state of terrorists... The peace plan is a road map to destruction."

The thought that a Palestinian state next to Israel would be a peaceful neighbor is ludicrous. The stated purpose of the Arabs, endlessly repeated and never excised from their "covenant," is to acquire whatever territory they can, in order to use it as a base for the final assault against the Jewish state and for the hoped-for extinction of the hated "Zionist entity" once and for all. Even ten years after the ballyhooed Oslo Accord, the Palestinian Arabs still proclaim that "Palestine" would extend "from the river to the sea," which means that Israel would cease to exist, would be destroyed and absorbed by the new "Palestine." The State of Israel does not exist in Palestinian or any other Arab school books or on their maps. Tel Aviv does not exist. The Jewish holy places do not exist. The "West Bank" and Gaza are only the first step. They want it all!

"Palestine" demilitarized? Many, even those who concede the unrelenting hostility of the Arabs, contend that Israel would be in no existential danger from a Palestinian state because it could be made a condition of its creation that it be demilitarized, for a number of years or perhaps even forever. But those who propose that, know better, of course. Even today, as the Palestinians are under the severe weapons restrictions that they accepted in the Oslo Accord which allowed only a police force with light weapons, they have artillery, rockets, missiles and all kinds of heavy weaponry that they have smuggled into their territory. A ship laden with 50 tons of deadly weapons was intercepted by Israel in the Red Sea. Many shipments of arms have been intercepted in the Mediterranean; and there is a steady influx of arms through secret tunnels from the Sinai, which, in quest of peace, Israel has foolishly ceded to Egypt.

But the heavy weapons that "Palestine" would inevitably acquire, despite all solemn covenants to the contrary, aren't really necessary. With an independent Palestine in control of the Judean ridges, and with Israel only nine miles wide at what would be its narrow waist, heavy weapons would not be required to make life impossible in the truncated and mortally vulnerable Jewish state. Katyusha rockets, one of the Arabs' favorite weapons, would cover virtually all of Israel—impeding civilian life, industry, civil and military aviation, and, in case it came to that, mobilization of troops. The one million Arabs living in Israel as Israeli citizens would be a convenient and deadly fifth column, ready to spring into action. Israel would, of course, respond to any such attack. That would inevitably result in a major war, a war that would ultimately set the entire region on fire and would undoubtedly involve weapons of mass destruction, including nuclear ones. How can the world, how can the United States possibly promote such a project—a project likely to bring untold disaster to the world?

The Arab world is presently comprised of twenty-two states of nearly five million square miles and of one hundred forty-four million people. The greater Islamic world contains forty-four states with one billion people. Israel, with five million people, is smaller than Lake Michigan, smaller by half than San Bernardino County in California. There seems to be no need for another Moslem/Arab state, especially one that would certainly serve as an advance base for the ultimate destruction of Israel, the state of the Jews. How the President would promote the creation of a terrorist state, a state that without question would become a mortal enemy of the United States, and how he would countenance the inevitable destruction of the Jewish state, the only loyal ally of the United States and its only strategic asset in the area, is incomprehensible. House majority leader Tom DeLay put it well when he said, "I can't imagine this president supporting a state of terrorists... The peace plan is a road map to destruction."

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THE WEEK...

Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, led by Susan Collins (R., Maine), heard testimony from John Pistole, the acting FBI director for counterterrorism, and Richard Newcomb, the director of Treasury's Office of Foreign Assets Control. Pistole and Newcomb credited the Saudis with being more cooperative after the May 12 terror bombing in Saudi Arabia—the first that seemed to target the regime directly. But they were not yet satisfied with what the Saudi government was doing: "The jury's still out" (Pistole); "coordination is . . . complex" (Newcomb). The senators were not satisfied with what the American government is doing. How many Saudi terror-funders, Collins wanted to know, had been fingered by the Treasury Department, only to have the designation blocked by other agencies? "More than 50 percent of the recommendations? . . . As high as 95 percent?"

Why does the Bush administration treat the Saudis with kid gloves? Partly because of State Department Arabism, and State Department love-thy-enemy. Partly because of a misguided policy of Muslim outreach, which in practice reaches out to established, and corrupt, Muslim groups in this country. Partly because of inertia. The United States was allied with the Saudis in the Cold War and the first Gulf War; it is hard to see them now as weaselly or treacherous.

Old friends do not stay friends forever. Japan and Italy were Allied powers in World War I. We fought alongside the Soviets in World War II, against them a few short years later. Mature strategists take account of changing realities. The Saudi regime exports dissidence, while fomenting a Nazi-like hatred of the Other at home and throughout the Muslim world. They see the process of Iraqi rebirth as a threat to their own unreformed status quo, as well they should. Maybe Bush is telling them, behind the scenes, that they must stop funding our enemies and make a transition to constitutional monarchy. If not, he may suffer serious political damage. Dick Gephardt is already to the administration's right on the Saudis, urging a frank confrontation over their terror funding. May other Democrats join him there.

POLITICS

California's Choice

RECALL is not an ideal process. It tugs representation in the direction of plebiscite. Representative government depends on a degree of trust, and on drawing proper conclusions when trust is violated. We may pick our representatives, and throw them out when their terms end. But while they hold office we should be stuck with their bad behavior, limited by the checks and balances of other office-holders.

The blizzard of bad commentary that has hit the California gubernatorial recall process gets one's populist blood running, however. With the honorable exception of George Will, most of the critics have been liberal media types, endlessly repeating the same tired words—"shenanigans," "circus." (Have they looked over at their news desks to take a look at the barkers?) The scrum of far-fetched candidates, from Larry Flynt to Arianna Huffington, is certainly no more grotesque than the day-to-day governance of the state. California under Gray Davis behaved as if the Internet bubble would last forever. It established a pension plan for public servants of near-Saudi generosity. As Republican Bill Simon Jr. said last year, Davis has been a "coin-operated governor," dispensing largesse in exchange for political contributions. Now that the bubble has burst, California groans under the burden. As recall loomed, Davis added more-than-fiscal pandering, most conspicuously a bill to let illegal aliens have drivers' licenses. Davis, the career politician, and the culture of hackery in Sacramento have earned a rebuke.

Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Tonight Show* campaign announcement brought the recall to a boil, but Schwarzenegger, it seems clear, does not merit conservative support. In his multiple careers he has shown himself to be persistent and cunning. He surely believes in his Austrian-immigrant rags-to-riches story, and this seems to have prompted in him at least a curiosity about libertarian economics (he has attended functions sponsored by *Reason* magazine, and hobnobbed with Milton Friedman). But Schwarzenegger is pro-abortion, pro-gay rights, and pro-gun control. If he has any thoughts on illegal immigration, or the crushing rates of legal immigration from Mexico and points south, he has not revealed them. His campaign utterances so far have been bromides about California's children. (When politicians speak of children, count the spoons.) Rudy Giuliani was a liberal Republican who was a hard-core conservative on one salient issue—crime. Schwarzenegger appears to be simply a liberal Republican. If he is to win a measure of conservative sympathy, he must endorse a firm no-tax pledge and a serious plan to retrench the Sacramento spending and regulatory regime.

Bill Simon lost narrowly to Davis last year, blitzed by the incumbent's trademark smear politics. Yet he won 44 percent of the vote; half of that could guarantee a triumph now. Simply getting rid of Davis would brighten life in California. But the state deserves more.

OBITUARY

Bob Hope, R.I.P.

BORN Leslie Townes Hope on May 29, 1903, in Eltham, England, Bob Hope came to America as a child with his family and without much education. He entered show business, experiencing and succeeding in several eras and modes: vaudeville, musical comedy, film, radio, and television, plus over a million miles on tour entertaining American soldiers abroad in three wars. He was one of the great figures of show business, energized by an audience, loving them as they loved him. "Valley Forge is a sentimental place with me," he once joked before a military audience, "one of the toughest Christmas shows I ever played."

For his service to his country he received the Medal of Merit from President Eisenhower and the Congressional Gold Medal from President Kennedy, to whom he joked, "I feel very hum-

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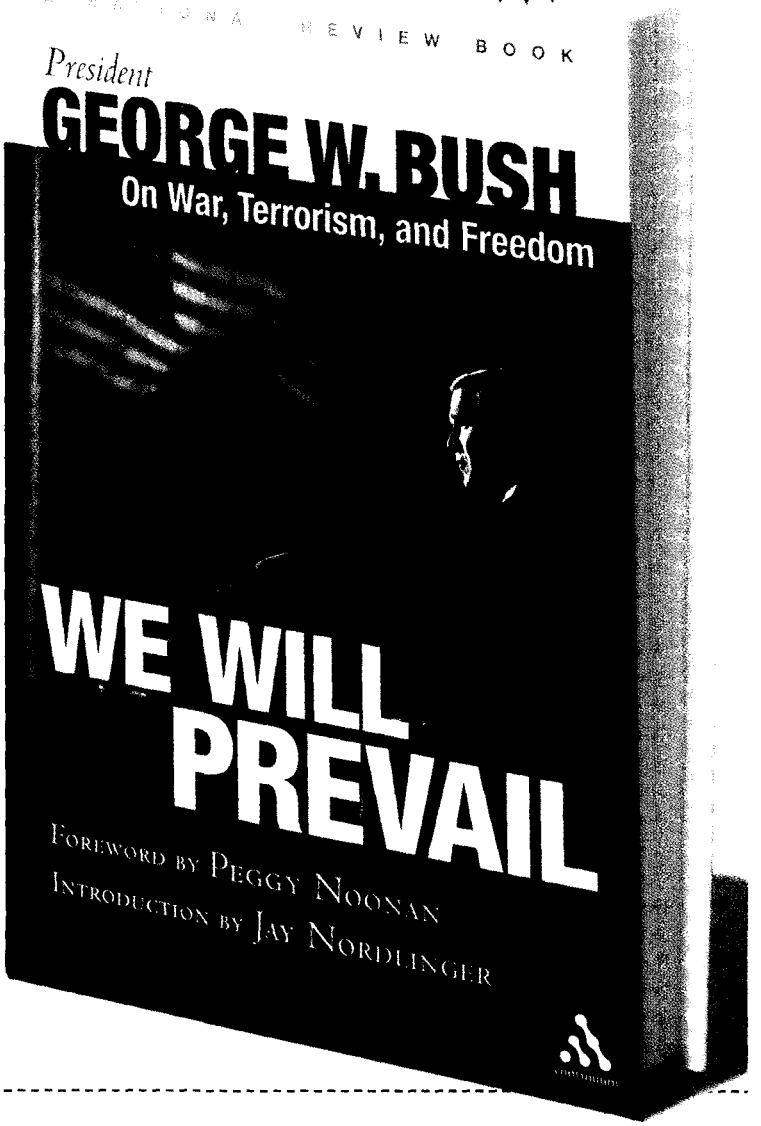

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ble, but I think I have the strength of character to fight it."

In his public persona and in his joking he was non-partisan, Republicans and Democrats equal-opportunity targets, but privately he was deeply conservative. At one point during the 1968 campaign, Richard Nixon mused that Ronald Reagan had been effective beginning a speech with a one-liner, and that this might work for him. Hope assigned a couple of his writers to come up with some every couple of days for Nixon's office. This they did, over the phone. The jokes were hilarious, but no one could imagine Nixon beginning with one. People would think he had gone crazy.

The comic persona Hope created was highly adaptable to various formats. He played a fast-talking but essentially decent braggart, harmlessly leering but afraid of women and unsuccessful with them, his ski-jump nose and evident cowardice making it impossible for Dorothy Lamour or Frances Langford, for example, to take him seriously. It is the essence of a comic figure that he is indestructible and immortal: Candide can never die, no more than can Chaplin's Tramp or W. C. Fields's Drunk. They are beloved of the gods.

The human Bob Hope was almost immortal. His comic persona certainly is. "Thanks for the Memory" was his theme song, and everyone, indeed, offers them.

—JEFFREY HART

notes & asides

■ Dear Bill: We went around the world together on the Concorde 14 years ago, and I wanted you and your friends to know of my upcoming Wright Brothers' Centennial world air-speed record flight, "Around the World over Both the Earth's Poles," named "Spirit of Fort Lauderdale."

The 261 lucky passengers on my Northwest Airlines Boeing 747-400 flight will have flown over *both* the South and North Poles upon returning to Ft. Lauderdale!

We'll leave at 12 noon on Monday, Dec. 15, 2003, flying to Rio Gallegos, Argentina, just 300 miles north of the southern tip of South America. Then we'll fly over the South Pole, plus 4,200 miles of Antarctica *in daylight,* to Perth, Australia; then on to Beijing, China; then *over the North Pole* to Ft. Lauderdale—which we left 51 hours previously!

We plan to beat the record over-both-Poles flight—set by Pan Am in 1977—by almost three hours, for the *Guinness Book of Records.* Our trip host will be Gen. Thomas P. Stafford, the *Apollo 10* and *Apollo Soyuz* mission commander. Gen. Stafford (USAF Ret.) holds the all-time world air-speed record for circumnavigating the earth in a spacecraft: 24,791 mph.

NR readers should know that there are seats available on this great adventure.

For full details, please see the website: www.over-both-poles.com., or phone 800-903-0879 (inside the USA) or 305-445-3632 (outside the USA).

Tell everyone they'll kill themselves if they let this one go by.

Warmest,
Don [Pevsner]
Merritt Island, Fla.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: As a 68-year-old teacher, finishing her 27th year of grammar instruction, I must agree with Ms. Hyzer of Reedsburg, Wis. (June 2):

Sneak, sneaked, and *had sneaked* remain absolutely correct.

Even if one robs a thousand banks a month, it remains an "incorrect" method of "making a living."

Now, I realize robbing banks is criminal, but incorrect grammar is a close second.

Sincerely,
Betijean Kinnerly
Houston, Tex.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In the June 2 issue of NR, the word "Balkanization" was used.

Is this an ethnic slur or an example of geographism?

My forebears came from the Balkans, Slovenia to be exact, and the Balkans were not Balkanized after World War II by the residents; they were broken up by the western European powers. The western Europeans were not bright enough to realize that an attempt to cobble together someplace like Yugoslavia was a project doomed to fail.

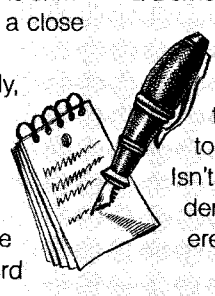
Please have your editor delete "Balkanization" in the future.

Very truly yours,
John G. Arch
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Arch: We don't invent words; we use words that exist.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In conversation and prose, I have noticed an uncomfortable inability to differentiate between subjects in sentences, a recent example from NR (June 16) being: "In fact, Nixon created his bumbling 'Plumbers' unit inside the White House precisely because he feared that J. Edgar Hoover was too partisan a Democrat to be trusted to serve him as he (Hoover) had Johnson and Roosevelt."



The author uses the parenthetical to make sure we know to whom he is referring.

Isn't there a better way in our wonderful language to make this reference more precise?

Sincerely,
Anthony Pasquini
Ft. Myers, Fla.

Dear Mr. Pasquini: The parentheses here serve the purpose of hauling the evanescing subject back into play. They serve the purpose of the anacoluthon, bringing you back to where you were.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ POLITICS ■

Arnold's Wild State

For California and for conservatives, populism has its ups and downs

STEVEN F. HAYWARD

EASTERN elites thought California had gone around the bend when it sent ex-actor Ronald Reagan to the governor's mansion in 1966. The *New York Times*, in a rare editorial endorsement for a California election, attacked Reagan and implored voters to "understand where reality ends and fantasy begins."

Imagine what the *Times* will think if the Terminator is elected.

Keepers of the conventional wisdom need to get over the notion that the California recall and Arnold Schwarzenegger's prospective governorship are just another expression of Californian flakiness. Just as Reagan's 1966 election marked a major turning point in American politics, the California recall may be the herald of a new turn in politics across the country. The pundits who have suggested in recent years that California is no longer a political trendsetter—as *The Weekly Standard* did in "California Doesn't Matter," a 2000 cover story—are wrong.

The Gray Davis recall represents a new chapter in the politics of populism, which began on the left but has become a phenomenon of the right ever since Reagan's promise to "ignite a prairie fire that sweeps the land." Both recalls and California's legendary initiative process were originally products of Progressivism, and were meant to serve liberal ends. Indeed, both procedures—for recalls and initiatives—were designed specifically to enable the people to break the grip of special interests on government. The modern initiative process is so costly, however, that in practice, only moneyed interests can successfully sponsor initiatives.

The most successful state initiatives have been launched from the right, starting with Proposition 13, in 1978, and continuing on through term limits, three-strikes criminal sentencing, immigration reform, bans on racial quotas, the Defense of Marriage Act, and tax-limitation measures. Meanwhile, liberal initiatives on the environment, gun control, health care, taxation, and so on—with a few notable exceptions, such as California's Prop. 65 toxic-labeling law—have gone down in flames. This is one reason liberal interest groups prefer to go to the courts rather than to the people to achieve their policy objectives. Even conservatives who harbor principled misgivings about the initiative process can't help but feel: "Thank God for the initiative!"

Yet one of the paradoxes of the last decade is that conservative ballot initiatives continued to flourish even as California went through a long, slow slide to the left. As recently as 1996, Republicans had a narrow majority in the state assembly. (This was after recalling two Republican legislators who had defected to support Speaker Willie Brown; the present recall is not entirely without precedent.) Republicans were running close in the state senate, and held the governorship and about half the statewide offices. Today they are badly outnumbered in both houses of the legislature, and do not hold a single statewide office.

The initiative process itself may partly account for the GOP's slide. With most of the big issues coming directly to voters, the initiative process has effectively become a political safety valve, diluting partisan political accountability. Accordingly, Democrats have been able to dodge voter sentiment on a wide range of issues. And money and energy that might have gone into winning offices were channeled into sponsoring initiatives instead.

Of course, all this is merely a realistic concession to a troublesome political fact of life in California: It's far easier to promote an idea, through an initiative, than it is to promote a person for office. California is so big that it is exceedingly difficult for an aspiring politician to become well known statewide. One reason Rep. Darrell Issa dropped out of the race to replace Gov. Davis is that he has almost no name recogition outside his own congressional district. The state's 53 members of Congress, who spend most of

ROMAN GENN

Mr. Hayward is the author of *The Age of Reagan: The Fall of the Old Liberal Order, 1964–1980*, and the F. K. Weyerhaeuser Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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their time in Washington, are similarly unknown to most voters.

State legislators have the same problem because Sacramento—though the capital of the world's fifth-largest economy—is a news-media backwater. Not one television station in Los Angeles, San Francisco, or San Diego keeps a reporter or camera crew in Sacramento, so there is little TV coverage of state politics. And since California's media markets are so large, it simply costs too much to run televised advertisements for most state and national races.

All of which helps to explain why there is a real premium on celebrity in California politics, and why, despite a determined campaign that energized much of the conservative base, Bill Simon was ultimately unable to break through against Davis. Celebrity offers a degree of insulation from the kind of personal attacks and campaign mistakes that would hobble a relative unknown such as Simon. Had Schwarzenegger run last year, chances are he would have thrashed Davis.

Of course, it is possible to climb slowly through the ranks of state politics—that's how Davis established himself, and it's why state senator Tom McClintock, who has lost two narrow races for state controller, is now running third in the early polls behind Schwarzenegger and Lt. Governor Cruz Bustamante, the lone Democrat in the field. With a revived campaign, Simon could still split the conservative vote with McClintock. While most conservatives would prefer Simon or McClintock over Schwarzenegger or late entry Peter Ueberroth, either Simon or McClintock is certain to face all-out war from Democrats and their constituent groups, many of whom have embraced the notion that the entire recall is a pet project of the Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy.

Conservatives' hesitation over Schwarzenegger centers not so much on his social liberalism; rather, their concern is that he will bring the same elements to the job that made Jesse Ventura so feckless in Minnesota. Precisely because of his enormous celebrity, Schwarzenegger is the one person who might be able to intimidate the state legislature into making significant reforms—and California's legislature needs cleaning out even more than the governor's office. Schwarzenegger is right to attack special interests in Sacramento; the legislature today is a wholly owned subsidiary of liberal interest groups, especially the public-employee unions and the trial lawyers. After 16 years of Republican governors, the liberal interests and their toadies in the legislature went wild when Davis came into office, passing union- and trial-lawyer-friendly bills by the bushel. During his first term, Gov. Davis actually vetoed or fended off a lot of liberal legislation, though in recent months he has caved completely in a bid to buy votes. Meanwhile, both the number of public employees and their salaries have soared.

The big question is whether Schwarzenegger is serious about breaking this stranglehold; if he isn't, he shouldn't have bothered to run. To succeed, he would have to name names and campaign against Democratic legislators next year. I would guess the odds are no better than one in three that he will bring a genuine "Terminator" mentality to Sacramento. He might offer other political strengths if he makes party-building a priority.

In the meantime, conservatives need to spend a little time pondering the law of unintended consequences. If the Davis recall succeeds, liberal interest groups in California will have the means to return the favor some day, and probably won't hesitate to take it if they get a chance. A successful recall could lead to the de facto transformation of California into something like a parliamentary democracy—with a populist/Progressive version of a "no-confidence" vote, followed immediately by the elevation of a new prime minister. In a state that is likely to remain dominated by Democrats, this recall might easily come back to haunt Republicans.

In addition, like other California innovations, the recall could spread, and the resulting dynamic could be very different in other states. Might the recall set off a new national wave of hair-trigger populism? Eighteen states now have provisions for the recall of their governors. Still, it is heartening to note the number of liberal thinkers suddenly rediscovering the old republican case against too much "direct democracy." It looks like they're betting that recalls are likely to continue to be much more successful for the populist Right than for the unpopular Left. It also looks like Gray Davis could well go down in history as the one Democrat even less popular than Al Gore. **NR**

■ **IRAQ**

No Quagmire

How to avoid one this time

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

If Iraq is a replay of Vietnam, it is running on fast-forward. The media are reporting that the U.S. is failing to provide basic public services to the Iraqis, including public safety, and that resistance to the U.S. presence is mounting. That resistance is taking the lives of American troops at the rate of something like one a day. The Iraqi economy remains inert. International pressure is mounting on Washington to offer the U.N. a greater say in governing Iraq in return for military and civil assistance from countries like France and Russia that opposed the war.

Less than five months after the introduction of U.S. troops into Iraq, Democratic presidential candidates are criticizing the conduct of the war and asking what the U.S. exit strategy is. Mainstream political figures were not asking such questions about Vietnam until 1967—several years after troops had been in Vietnam, and two years after they had arrived in force. When the antiwar movement began, it was a tentative development that was careful to present its criticisms in patriotic tones. "Amerika" came a little later, after the movement had gradually assembled both a popularized New Left critique and a broad Left coalition to support it. Full-fledged radicals did not take over the Democratic party until the McGovern candidacy in 1972—and they did not persuade moderate Democrats to talk their language until the Carter years.

What is different on this occasion is that opponents of the Iraq war are not pioneering; they are remembering. Iraq is for them a belated confirmation that their critique of Amerika, the military-industrial complex, etc., etc., remains valid and may become popular again. They can therefore emerge from the academic catacombs that they

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have inhabited in frustrated silence during the distressing decades in which Communism collapsed, free-market capitalism was adopted worldwide, and the U.S. emerged as the sole remaining superpower. And all it has taken is one obscure candidate, Howard Dean, to arouse the sleeping radical instincts of the Democratic faithful to the point where other candidates feel that they have to echo his sentiments.

Sophisticated adherents of the full critique of America as an oppressive neo-patriarchal corporate dictatorship (or whatever) may be relatively few in number. But they can call on large numbers of fellow-travelers at all levels of society—a lumpen-intelligentsia amounting to perhaps a quarter of the American electorate—to go along. Their self-conceit is that they have risen above narrow national loyalties and are in effect citizens of the world willing to police all governments, including their own. In reality, their opinions amount to a sort of inverted patriotism that simply replaces a bias towards one's own nation with a bias against it. All the same, they exist—and are on hand to do the grunt work in the campaigns of the Deans, the Kennedys, and the rest.

All this is more about America than about Iraq. Iraq has played the role of what Alfred Hitchcock used to call "the McGuffin"—the device that was needed to get the plot going. As the McGuffin in a script written by the Left, Iraq naturally sounds remarkably like Vietnam. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the antiwar movement and its media accomplices have only one script. It involves a quagmire, tough guerrilla fighters who can blend into the population, an out-of-touch military, a corrupt despot who is hated by the people but backed by Washington . . . Hang on, something wrong there surely! There *is* a corrupt despot hated by the people in Iraq, but he is being hunted down by the U.S. Army.

In other words, if the antiwar movement is to turn Iraq into a Vietnam, it needs to keep the actual details of what is happening there rather vague. The mainstream American media achieved something like that in Vietnam itself, by transforming the Tet offensive from the defeat actually sustained by the Vietcong into an American disaster. By making the Vietnam War seem unwinnable, the reports laid the groundwork for America's reluctant withdrawal. In this case, too, America's will to win will likely depend on whether or not Americans believe that Iraq is winnable and being won. And that, in turn, depends on what we know about the reality of Iraq.

America's will to win must be sustained.

Well, what do we know? Alongside the acknowledged problems, there are strong signs of revived public order and economic recovery. Security has been largely established in the south and north of Iraq; food distribution is working well; oil production is higher than 1 million barrels a day; schools are open nationwide; Iraqis are joining the new civil-defense organization; and Uday and Qusay Hussein are no longer planning the murder of U.S. soldiers. If one wanted to paint an entirely optimistic picture, one would simply list all the things that are not going wrong—there is no health crisis, no food shortage, and no refugee crisis, all of which were predicted before the U.S. arrived. If Iraq is viewed as one large national problem, however, it will appear insuperable. The first step in dealing with it practically is to break it down into a series of discrete tasks and tackle them one by one, just as a neurotic learns to overcome his anxiety by transforming it into a series of manageable challenges.

Given that we are attempting to prevent the Left from turning Iraq into a self-induced American neurosis, the first step here is to get the Coalition Provisional Authority out of its central compound and into the field. If the U.S. military has been performing better than the bureaucrats in Iraq, that is partly because it is scattered through the country, closer to the people. Empires are ultimately run not by proconsuls but by district commissioners. Of course, we rightly want to "put an Iraqi face" on the bodies now governing Iraq—but that, too, is easier at the local level. Until national elections are held, the Iraqis nominated to serve on national bodies will inevitably be seen as American puppets. And when national elections are held, they will revolve around large, divisive, and perhaps unbridgeable controversies that, in the immediate future, are likely to make matters worse. Such elections should be the last stage of democratization. Local

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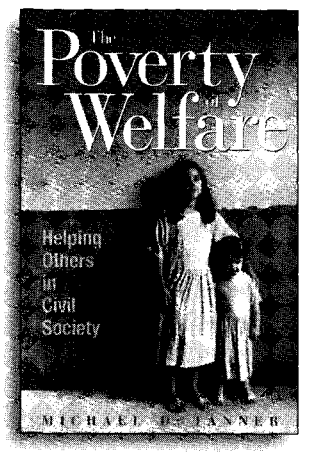

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by Michael D. Tanner

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elections, however, focus on manageable problems—from better drainage to road repairs—and, if the problems are tackled sensibly, tend to stabilize the local situation.

The coalition needs to focus on developing a rolling program of reform—local elections, training schools for candidates, etc. That would demonstrate continual progress toward democracy and solve some practical problems. The program should also include trials of Saddam's ministers, both as an education in democracy and, let us be frank, as a popular entertainment. For visibly restoring order, punishing the guilty, and solving practical problems are, after all, things that establish the legitimacy of government quite as much as holding elections for provisional rule.

A broader problem is the economy: Iraq doesn't have one. In the areas where personal security is still heavily at risk, commercial activity is only fitfully reviving. Fifty percent of young men are unemployed—even as public buildings need manifest repairs. Why should GIs be repairing that infrastructure? UPI's Pamela Hess recommends a short-term program of public works, paying young men $5 a day to rebuild infrastructure; I am inclined to agree. Given that the devil makes work for idle hands, that would be a security program as well as an economic one.

All these are practical suggestions. If they are implemented—and succeed—the security situation will rapidly improve, and the critics of the U.S. intervention will gradually fail. But there is one action that opponents of the Iraqi intervention can take that might, over time, push the Iraqis into turning their country into the long-predicted quagmire: They can give the people of Iraq the impression that the U.S. has no will to stay, and that remnants of the old regime will then return to power. If that impression takes hold, few Iraqis will volunteer to help the U.S., the new governing institutions will founder, and the intervention will fail. That, in turn, would undermine the position of the U.S. in the world. It is therefore vital for both Iraq and the wider U.S. national interest that America's will to win there be sustained. And conservatives skeptical of U.S. policy should be aware that this is so, irrespective of whether the decision to invade Iraq was itself sensible. **NR**

■ **THE MIDDLE EAST**

Stopping the Saudis

Is this administration willing? Apparently not

ALEX ALEXIEV

THE Bush administration's decision to withhold portions of the Joint Inquiry Report into 9/11—the sections that reportedly deal with Riyadh's support for terrorism—is perhaps its most serious political misstep to date. It provides an opening for an attack on the president on a legitimate national-security issue—one that, unlike the WMD and Iraq-war issues, has real substance and political traction. More importantly, the unwillingness of Washington to face up to the incontrovertible evidence that our Saudi friends are the chief financial and ideological enablers of Islamic extremism and terrorism will sooner or later hamper our ability to pursue the war on terror. In fact, there is good reason to believe that it already has, both abroad and domestically.

At first glance, the war on terror would seem to be going well. Two brilliantly planned and executed military campaigns have denied the practitioners of terror their bases of operations in Afghanistan and Iraq and the potential to develop or acquire weapons of mass destruction. This has also set the stage for a decisive and highly promising geopolitical realignment in the Middle East. Here at home, security has been enhanced and we have been able to prevent terrorist incidents since 9/11. Last but not least, we have arrested a number of top terrorist operatives, and al-Qaeda seems to be on the run.

Except that al-Qaeda is not really the enemy. Murderous as it is, al-Qaeda is a symptom, not the cause, of the terrorist phenomenon. Even if we are able to defeat it completely, there are presently at least half a dozen other Islamic terrorist organizations which will promptly fill the void. Our real problem is a dangerous and widespread malignancy, a kind of Islamic fascism, which has metastasized throughout the international Muslim community. While it uses a perverted interpretation of Islam as its ideological banner, Islamic fascism is much closer to Nazism and Communism in its essence than to traditional Islam. This new fascism is the guiding ideology of all Islamist terrorist groups, including those that are violently *opposed* to the House of Saud. Like its fellow totalitarian ideologies, Islamic fascism rejects reason and glorifies violence. And it justifies violence by dehumanizing its designated enemies: What Jews, Gypsies, and Slavic *Untermenschen* were for the Nazis and what the "class enemy" was for the Communists, infidels and Muslim "apostates" are for the Islamists—just another category of subhumans deserving of extermination.

Far from being on the run, this strategic threat to our secular, democratic order, indeed to our civilization, is growing. Its violent creed is rapidly becoming the dominant idiom of Islam worldwide, as thousands of radical madrassas spread their hateful gospel and churn out tens of thousands of fanatics all too ready to become fodder for jihad. A worldwide infrastructure of extremist mosques, Islamic centers, and schools provides sanctuary and logistical support to extremists and terrorists, while a radical Islamic missionary movement called *Tablighi Jamaat* recruits for jihad in virtually every country in the world.

This subversive network has succeeded in embedding itself deep within the Muslim community in the West. In the United States, the purveyors of fanatical Islamic agendas control the Muslim establishment through a dozen major organizations and charities with interlocking directorships. Well-funded and well-organized, they profess to speak for all Muslims, while aiding and abetting extremist and terrorist causes. Since 9/11, they have conducted a massive propaganda campaign designed to convince Muslims that American anti-terror efforts are nothing more than a veiled war on Islam, thus alienating American Muslims from the government and making them

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more receptive to Islamic extremism. Under the guise of concern for the rights of suspected terrorists, and often in conjunction with the far Left, Islamists are also doing their best to emasculate the Patriot Act and otherwise impede the campaign against terrorism. The reward for these noble efforts is meetings with high-level administration officials, including at the White House.

Our current predicament is primarily the result of a quarter-century of Saudi support for the worldwide edifice of Islamic extremism and the exporting of its hateful Wahhabi creed, to the tune of over $70 billion. Our Saudi "allies" have consistently acted against our interests, both before and after 9/11. Recent congressional testimony by John Pistole, a high-ranking FBI counterterrorism official, revealed that, contrary to State Department claims, Saudi Arabia had refused to cooperate with U.S. terrorism investigations in the entire period from September 11 to the recent May 12 Riyadh bombings.

Accordingly, the possibility that the Joint Inquiry Report contains evidence of direct Saudi complicity in terrorist activities against American interests should come as no surprise. The four major Islamic "charities"—the Muslim World League (MWL), the Al Haramain Foundation, the World Assembly of Muslim Youth (WAMY), and the International Islamic Relief Organization (IIRO)—have for years supported terrorist groups and activities. Contrary to what Riyadh would have us believe, none of them is "private" and "non-governmental"; all are directly controlled and financed by the Saudi regime. The MWL and the IIRO, for instance, are under the supervision of the Grand Mufti of Saudi Arabia, the highest religious authority in the kingdom, while WAMY and Al Haramain are chaired by the Saudi minister of Islamic affairs.

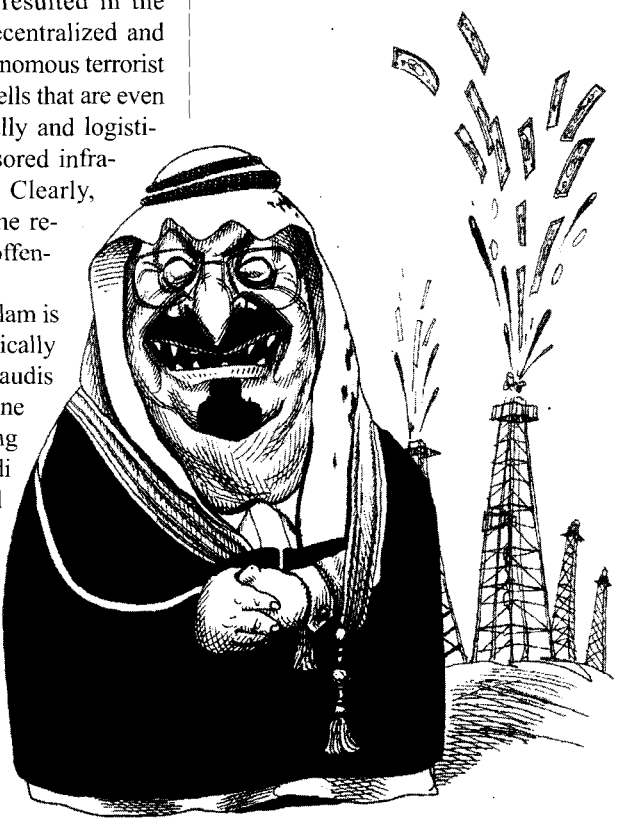
Riyadh's unremitting hostility toward America is not a capricious choice, nor does it show signs of abating. The House of Saud knows that American success—in the war on terror, and in the effort to impose a new democratic order in the Middle East—ipso facto spells the regime's doom. Already, the resistance to U.S. forces in Iraq is assuming the character of jihad. Wahhabi clerics have issued fatwas justifying suicide attacks on U.S. troops, as volunteer martyrs stream across the borders. Wahhabi-controlled mosques in the Sunni and Kurdish areas of Iraq preach violence against the occupiers as a religious duty. Paging through a recent WAMY publication, one finds a Wahhabi cleric exhorting Saudi youth to go fight the infidels in Iraq and praying several times a day for the destruction of America. Furthermore, the common interest of Iran, Syria, and Saudi Arabia in defeating a democratic Iraq is said to have led to growing cooperation between Hezbollah and Saudi-sponsored terrorists.

Trouble is brewing in South Asia as well, threatening the progress we have made in Afghanistan. Across the border in Pakistan, Saudi-funded madrassas are once again acting as recruiting centers for the Taliban, even as the radical Islamic parties controlling the key border provinces are transforming them into havens of extremism. With the connivance of the Pakistani government, cross-border raids and larger incursions into Afghanistan have become commonplace. Recently, Afghan president Hamid Karzai made a thinly veiled reference to Pakistan when he condemned "extremism, terrorism and fundamentalism coming into Afghanistan from the outside." Elsewhere, the weakening of al-Qaeda has resulted in the emergence of a more decentralized and dispersed network of autonomous terrorist groups and "leaderless" cells that are even more dependent financially and logistically on the Saudi-sponsored infrastructure of extremism. Clearly, the terrorists have become re-energized and are on the offensive once again.

The radicalization of Islam is continuing apace domestically as well, and again the Saudis play a key role. In just one recent example, according to the *Arab News* (a Saudi government-controlled newspaper), the World Assembly of Muslim Youth—which was incorporated in the U.S. by Osama bin Laden's brother Abdullah bin Laden—announced last June that it will "take up the cases" of 13,000 Muslim illegal aliens slated for deportation, together with the Arab American Institute, an American non-profit organization (and the recipient of $300,000 from Saudi prince Alwaleed ibn Talal, again according to the *Arab News*). It is difficult to interpret this as anything other than a blatant interference in the internal affairs of the U.S. by a state-controlled foreign entity.

What is to be done? For starters, Riyadh must be made to understand that staying its current subversive course will seal the fate of the House of Saud. In practical terms, this means putting a stop to all financial and ideological sponsorship of extremism and terrorism and drastically curtailing the power of the Wahhabi lobby domestically. If they refuse, we should designate their phony charities and individual financiers as terrorist entities and go after their assets and networks around the world.

Continued coddling of the Saudis by the administration will have serious consequences for our counterterrorism campaign and, quite possibly, for the political prospects of President Bush as well. At some point, sooner rather than later, America must decide whether protecting the House of Saud is more important than winning the war on terror. **NR**



ROMAN GENN

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■ ECONOMICS

Money Melee

What Milton Friedman said—and why he's right

ALAN REYNOLDS

FORTY-FOUR years ago, at the end of the brief book *A Program for Monetary Stability*, the legendary Chicago economist Milton Friedman offered a rather tentative proposal. He said it might be best if the Federal Reserve gave up trying to fine-tune both the real economy and inflation, and instead simply increased the quantity of money at a fixed rate. That was long before we had unregulated interest rates and money-market funds, so Friedman recommended measuring money relatively simply—as "currency plus all commercial bank deposits." He opined, humbly and tentatively, that "a rate of increase of 3 to 5 percent per year might be expected to correspond with a roughly stable price level for this particular concept of money."

"Hold on to your hats and prepare to be amazed," *Financial Times* columnist Simon London wrote recently: "Milton Friedman has changed his mind." The celebrated Nobel laureate had told Mr. London the following: "The use of quantity of money as a target has not been a success . . . I'm not sure I would as of today push it as hard as I once did." Professor Friedman's brief remark caused quite a stir—particularly in England, where all policies of the Thatcher era are routinely lumped together in scorn by the Left as "monetarism." William Keegan, writing in *The Observer*, called Friedman's comment "the economic quote of the month—and probably the decade."

Poppycock. The idea of instructing central banks to keep some broad measure of money growing at a 3 to 5 percent rate began as little more than a conditional suggestion. It was never a particularly important part of Milton Friedman's contribution to monetary economics, much less his numerous contributions to economics in general. The topic takes up merely a tenth of his 1962 classic *Capitalism and Freedom*, and that chapter ends by saying, "I should like to emphasize that I do not regard my particular proposal as a be-all and end-all of monetary management, as a rule which is somehow to be written in tablets of stone and enshrined for all future time." That was scarcely a dogmatic proclamation that must now preclude thoughtful reconsideration after four decades of experience.

The *Financial Times* interview was adeptly misquoted by Australian economist Peter Brian, who wrote: "Milton Friedman, one of the high priests of monetarism, now lacks conviction about its relevance." Balderdash. For Friedman to concede that a fixed rule for the quantity of money is ineffective is not at all the same as saying monetary policy itself is ineffective. And to concede that a quantity rule for monetary policy may be unworkable is certainly not the same as saying that such policy ought to be conducted by the unconstrained caprice of a dozen Fed governors (as many of Friedman's critics would prefer).

"Monetarism" is not even a Friedman coinage; the word was first used by Karl Brunner (a favorite teacher of mine) and Allan Meltzer. In *Money and the Economy*, Meltzer and Brunner list many possible rules for money: "A rule may call for activist but predictable responses . . . A rule may rely on forecasts, or past data, or the rule can be independent of past, expected or predicted future values." It is a tribute to Friedman that much recent research deals with the relative merits of various kinds of institutional rules—from explicit targets for commodity prices, price indexes, or nominal GDP to the more complex rules devised by John Taylor and Bennett McCallum. The option Friedman rejected out of hand—unlimited faith in unlimited central-bank discretion—is completely off the table. Simply trusting a central bank is, after all, little different from believing in central planning.

Of course, even today, monetary policy is still not quite an exact science; but nobody now doubts that Federal Reserve blunders can cause or aggravate recession and inflation. In contrast, the fiscal (non-monetarist) varieties of Keynesian demand-side economics are in total disarray, unsure whether budget deficits stimulate or crowd out or neither of the above. U.S. fiscalists once boldly predicted that switching from budget deficits to surpluses in the late 1990s would erase the trade deficit, increase the national savings rate, and reduce interest rates. Not one of those predictions came true. More recently, even as interest rates fell to 40-year lows, the same diehard theorists have tried peddling their old tales about deficits causing high interest rates.

It is important to understand that Milton Friedman's most influential works on money were published between 1956 and 1970, during the heyday of Keynesian macroeconomics. Very little from the economics of that era still survives. Soviet-style command economies were then widely expected to outperform free enterprise. Poor countries were instructed to keep tax rates high to generate forced savings. Monetary policy was said to be ineffective against recession or inflation, but the Fed was nonetheless advised to keep interest rates low to stimulate debt. It was thought feasible and desirable to trade higher inflation for lower unemployment. When such advice led to "stagflation," infla-

Milton Friedman, high priest of integrity

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tion was conveniently attributed to a mysterious "wage-price spiral" that could supposedly be restrained only by wage and price controls.

In the previously mentioned *Observer* piece, William Keegan reminisced about inviting John Kenneth Galbraith, in 1980, to write that "Britain has, in effect, volunteered to be the Friedmanite guinea pig." Keegan had asked Friedman to comment on the same subject, and Friedman responded by sending a copy of his testimony to the House of Commons—in which he distanced himself from the Thatcher government's Hooveresque goal of cutting budget deficits during a recession. In any event, British deficits actually remained almost equally large from 1979 through 1986, and did not turn into surpluses until after 1987, when the top tax rate was slashed from 60 to 40 percent.

What about the common belief, implicit in Keegan's repetition of Galbraith's 1980 warning, that the Thatcher regime followed harsh monetarist rules? Britain's money supply increased 12.5 percent in 1979, 18.5 percent in 1980, and 25 percent in 1981. Over the entire Thatcher period, 1979 to 1990, the broadly defined money supply grew by 16.8 percent a year, according to IMF figures. In what sense could that be called monetarist? Yet British inflation did fall from 18 percent in 1980 to an average of 4.7 percent in the period between 1983 and 1988, before heading back up again. Although the quantity of money surely matters, it is proving more difficult to determine what to count as money (should we include my checkable short-term bond fund?) or to figure out in advance just how much is too much or too little.

The alleged "monetarist" experiment during President Reagan's first term is equally invisible. Broadly defined money (M2) grew 9.7 percent in 1981 and 8.8 percent in 1982; it averaged 9.3 percent annually from 1981 to 1986. Whatever the impact of the quantity rule for central banking, it appears to have had little to do with what Reagan and Thatcher were accomplishing with or without the aid of their central banks.

There is only one time when "the use of quantity of money as a target" may have had a serious impact on U.S. policy. In December 1968, Milton Friedman wrote to Richard Nixon urging him to close the gold window and let the dollar float. That would likely have happened anyway, since politicians seemed hell-bent on abandoning the commitment to exchange foreign dollars for gold. It is just speculation on my part, but I suspect that undue confidence in the untested new quantity rule might have made it appear safer than it turned out to be to abandon the seemingly old-fashioned discipline of guaranteeing the greenback's value in gold.

Meanwhile, something more sinister was brewing. By 1971, when John Kenneth Galbraith published *Economics, Peace and Laughter*, the idea that price controls could substitute for monetary restraint had become ominously respectable. Galbraith had earlier advocated "a permanent system of restraint," promising that this would insulate against any inflationary impact of an easy money policy. "With wage and price controls," he promised, "interest rates can be reduced." That is exactly what happened—Nixon adopted wage-price controls and Fed Chairman Arthur Burns cut the Fed funds rate. By blending wage-price controls and easy money with the permissive closing of the gold window and devalued dollar, President Nixon thus led us into the worst inflationary recession the major industrial countries had ever seen.

"There are many misfortunes that can befall an economist," Galbraith wrote in 1970. "The worst, by far, is to have a theory in which he devoutly believes, and which is wrong, put into practice." Friedman's 1960 proposal was offered as practical advice that turned out to be impractical, rather than as a matter of theory or devout belief. And, unlike wage-price controls, the notion of keeping money growth at 3 to 5 percent was never put into practice. Is it really so amazing that Milton Friedman, now 91 years old, says that one of his many youthful ideas did not work out as well as he once had hoped? That just looks like more evidence, as if any were needed, of his renowned candor and intellectual integrity.

Many years ago, John Maynard Keynes was chided about his own notorious propensity to change his mind. Keynes replied, "When I find I am wrong, I change my mind. What do you do, sir?" **NR**

■ **BRITAIN**

The Boobs of the Beeb

A media monopoly that only gets worse

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

In the days when I traveled into the remoter parts of Africa, I would often be surprised by a villager who would proceed to inform me of the latest events in the next country but three. There had been an attempted coup there, and my informant seemed inevitably to have been a party to the secret machinations of the plotters.

"How do you know all this?" I would ask.

"I heard it on the BBC."

This meant that it was true, unarguably and undeniably true: as set in stone as the Ten Commandments. The BBC was not a mere broadcasting organization (as were the Voice of America, the Deutsche Welle, or Radio Moscow), much less was it the voice of Britain: It was the Fount of Truth.

Such a reputation is easily destroyed, of course, and can never be re-established once destroyed. For conservative Britons (a dying and almost extinct breed, admittedly), the BBC has long been not a fount of truth, or even of reasoned debate, but of insinuation, perfidy, political correctness, and cultural subversion. Among us today, the reverse of the African villager's belief seems to be true, or at least more true: I don't believe it, because I heard it on the BBC.

There's no denying that the world's most famous broadcasting company is now in deep trouble, and not just with conservatives. It is trusted by almost no one, even where, in the past, only peo-

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ple on the paranoid fringes doubted its impartiality. Indeed, people have started to question the need for its existence at all.

Its first director-general, Lord Reith, was a dour, puritanical, authoritarian, joyless Scotsman, a difficult character but a man of iron integrity, whose goal for the BBC was a noble one—indeed, the only such goal that could justify a publicly funded broadcasting organization: to make the good popular, and the popular good. He succeeded to an astonishing extent. His ethos lasted long after his departure, and meant that millions would eagerly tune in to discussions by the greatest intellects in the country about matters of genuine importance.

Postmodernism changed all that. There was no demand for change from below, no groundswell of revolt against cultural high-mindedness, despite the fact that it was the compulsory licensing fees to receive broadcasts both by radio and by television (in effect a hypothecated tax) that paid for the BBC. No: The change occurred because the elite itself lost its belief in the distinction between the better and the worse, the higher and the lower, justifying its loss of faith by various pseudo- or semi-philosophical arguments. From now on, Shakespeare was no better than soap opera—how many professors of literature, the Marshal Pétains of their subject, have now signed up to the proposition that the latter are as worthy of serious study as the former?

There was no one to defend the Reithian view, therefore, and so the race was on for the BBC to compete with demotic commercial broadcasting. Henceforth, the popular *was* good: Indeed, popularity was the only measure of value. Thus the BBC purveyed pop music, though the evidence suggests that this baleful form of mass hypnosis requires no state subsidy whatever to spread through society.

The distinction between higher and lower was not the only one to be abandoned in the corridors of the BBC: that between truth and falsehood was also. The postmodernist, Rortyan, pragmatic view of truth—that there was no correspondence between statements and actual states of affairs, but only varying degrees of usefulness—became standard. And what was useful, as far as the BBC was concerned, was what attracted audiences.

Seen in this light, the current spat between the BBC and Mr. Blair is more in the nature of a family quarrel than an argument over any fundamental point of principle. From the British point of view, the American characterization of Mr. Blair as a hero rather than an opportunist is preposterous: He is himself as thoroughly postmodern as the BBC, a man of no cultural attainments or interests (other than pop music), a despiser of any tradition of which he himself is not the originator, a master of the language in which words have connotation but no denotation. Vague in his pronouncements, he is cunning in his calculations; he talks of feelings, not facts.

The BBC is trusted by almost no one, even where, in the past, only people on the paranoid fringes doubted its impartiality.

Until the war in Iraq, Blair and the BBC were completely compatible. Each was culturally destructive, even while they took advantage of the residual kudos of their respective institutions in order to destroy them.

Though attached neither to truth nor to intrinsic quality, but only to the exercise of power, the BBC, like Mr. Blair, is not without a higher moral purpose: that is to say, to reform the past (for which it harbors an imperishable hatred) out of existence. A constant flurry of reform, irrespective of whether anyone wants it, is therefore necessary, to prevent anyone from retaining his moorings to his own cultural past. By this means, the reformers will achieve absolute and uncontested power.

The BBC promotes conformist like-mindedness by recruiting its staff through the pages of only one journal, the *Guardian*. This liberal newspaper has long been in the vanguard of cultural destruction (though it is now, regrettably, also the only serious newspaper in Britain, certainly the only one that is consistently worth reading). It cannot see any institution, other than itself, without wishing to destroy it. The mere fact that the BBC advertises its jobs only in its pages is symbolically very telling.

The fate of Radio Three, the BBC's classical-music station, is not atypical. It used to be a straightforward classical-music station, in which intermissions of concerts would be filled with talks about such matters as Minoan civilization, given by the country's leading authority on the subject. The handful of announcers were people with the most cultivated of speaking voices. The listenership to Radio Three was tiny, a mere 1 percent of the population at any one time: but someone within the corporation still had a faith that civilization was a good in itself.

Under the new dispensation, Radio Three had therefore to be transformed. Jazz, rock music, and (above all) music from around the world—the remoter from Europe the better—all made their appearance, and came to occupy more and more of Radio Three's airtime.

This was not done merely to increase Radio Three's audience, of course. It was intended also to purvey or imply the message, first, that there was nothing special about the European musical tradition; second, that any form of attachment to it was racist parochialism; and, finally, that there was nothing to choose from the point of view of intrinsic worth between Bach and, say, hip-hop. This, however, was an officially imposed view of the world: There had never been a complaint from the public about the way Radio Three was before.

The cultural perfidy and destructiveness of the BBC is pervasive, though perhaps not yet all-pervasive: There is a great deal of ruin in an institution, and it would be wrong to say that nothing good ever emerges from Broadcasting House. But the perfidy exists; I have experienced it many times. For example, I sometimes advert in the press to the vulgarity of British behavior, at home and abroad—the kind of vulgarity that has, rightfully, made the British loathed and despised throughout Europe. If anyone thinks I exaggerate, I invite him to spend a Saturday night in a British city center.

Quite often, I am interviewed by the

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BBC after I have written. The tone of the questioning is almost always hostile, as if I were merely a snob, and not pointing out a most unattractive, easily observable, and regrettably salient feature of modern British life—one that, moreover, is conducive to violence and a great deal of misery.

Of course, I do not expect what I say to be accepted merely because I say it. But the fact is that my questioners on the radio almost always pose as defenders of the common people against the supposed attacks of a "toff" like me. They pretend to see nothing wrong with mass public drunkenness, vomiting in the gutters, fights with broken bottles, constant screaming, girls pulling each other by the hair in public, and so forth—even though, of course, they themselves would not dream of behaving in this fashion, and would not wish even to know anyone who did. Their perfidy lies in this: not that they cross-question me in a hostile fashion, but that they never apply the same standard of skepticism to the many intellectual advocates and defenders of vulgarity. In other words, they use the residual prestige of the BBC to grant an imprimatur to the very worst of cultural trends, and thereby to hasten them. After all, if the toffs of the BBC see nothing wrong in mass public drunkenness, then what indeed can be wrong with it?

Which brings us to the dispute over whether BBC correspondent Andrew Gilligan misrepresented remarks by former weapons inspector David Kelley in a report concerning Iraqi access to weapons of mass destruction. Fundamentally, the tussle between the government and the BBC is not over who told the truth, much less over what the truth actually is, but, rather, over which of them has the right to the leadership of the Cultural Revolution: a revolution that has transformed Britons from an admirable people (with their faults, no doubt) to a people without charm or virtues, uncouth and egotistic, and justly reviled throughout the civilized world. The struggle recalls the remark of Doctor Johnson, when asked which of two minor poets was the superior: Sir, he said, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH**

Color in Coaching

How racial games are played in the NFL

JAY NORDLINGER

It's a bizarre tale, and a very American tale. In fact, in 2003, it's practically unsurprising: Race is on the rampage, bedeviling the country in manifold ways.

In the last week of July, the National Football League fined Matt Millen, president of the Detroit Lions, $200,000. Why? Because he had hired the head coach he wanted—Steve Mariucci, who had been let go by the San Francisco 49ers—without interviewing any black candidates. He had tried: that is, the club had contacted five different black coaches, trying to get them to participate in some sort of interview. But none of those men would agree, because the job was Mariucci's: It was a foregone conclusion; everyone knew it.

Why did the Lions even gesture toward these five coaches? Because of a new NFL rule: A team, when it has a head-coaching vacancy, must interview a "minority" candidate, or suffer the consequences. (In this case, as in other cases, "minority" is merely a euphemism for black. No one is talking about Vietnamese-born coaches.) Here's how the rule came about: Last fall, two famous "civil-rights" lawyers—Cyrus Mehri and the even more famous Johnnie Cochran, of O.J. notoriety—decided to tackle the NFL: They circulated a document called "Black Coaches in the National Football League: Superior Performance, Inferior Opportunities." They said the league had better start producing more black head coaches, or they would go to court.

The NFL jumped: It created a Workplace Diversity Committee—no institution is complete without one these days—and forged its must-interview-one-"minority"-candidate rule, known as the Rooney Rule, named after Dan Rooney, owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers, who was anointed chairman of the Diversity Committee. (Follow all that?) The owners, collectively, seemed relieved to be clear of a lawsuit, and seen as "doing something."

The question of black coaches and the NFL has long been a staple of sports-and-sociology. For many years, sportswriters would pen—oh, every couple of months—the Tony Dungy Column. This was the column that said, "Tony Dungy [a prominent black assistant coach] is a marvel, and he doesn't have a head-coaching job. It's an outrage and proves the inveterate racism of the NFL." The Tony Dungy Column stopped being written, however, when Dungy was indeed hired as a head coach. Actually, that column is *still* being written, only instead of Tony Dungy it's Ted Cottrell, Greg Blache, Lovie Smith, and a few others: These are black assistant coaches whose lack of head-coaching jobs is said to be a scandal, further proving the racism of professional football. Deserving white assistant coaches are apparently never deprived of their due.

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The coaching question is an important one, of course, and a vexing one: The NFL is a league dominated by black players; but there are only three black head coaches, out of the 32 teams—which seems a gross imbalance, if you think in racial terms. The NFL has been working to "develop" black coaches: They have a "minority coaching internship program," and there is a similar program in the European NFL (yes, there is one).

But when the Lions' Millen went to hire his head coach, he wasn't thinking about race or redress: He was thinking about Steve Mariucci, the Peg o' his heart. The two were old friends, and Millen had long wanted Mariucci at the head of his team. It was an open secret. So when the 49ers dumped him, Millen promptly fired his own head coach (a sap named Marty Mornhinweg) and snapped up Mariucci. But there was that rule: so he felt out those black coaches, who refused to play along, and rightly so. Then he inked his man.

Whereupon a bit of hell broke loose. Cyrus Mehri, the lawyer, said "what Matt Millen has done harkens back to the good-old-boy days." Jesse Jackson called for the punishment of the Lions. ("Lions Fed to Christian"?) The Detroit City Council—those statesmen—unanimously passed a resolution condemning the hiring.

Now, this business of interviewing candidates of a certain color—regardless of your plans or thinking—is a tricky one. Gene Upshaw, head of the Players Association, warned of this, way back: He said that, if you mandated something like the Rooney Rule, "it will lead to sham interviews and sham lists [of coaches]." But when Millen hired the coach of his dreams, Upshaw said that he had "treated [the rule] almost as a nuisance." Well, no kidding. Many commentators have scoffed at "courtesy" interviews, and "going through the motions," and "dog-'n'-pony shows"—but if they support tokenism—nay, mandate it—what else do they expect? They decry the indignity that a black coach has to suffer when he's used as a pawn in the satisfaction of a rule—but, again, what else do they expect?

Teams had better interview these black candidates "in good faith," they say, and "with an open mind": but how is such a mental state to be determined? Part of Matt Millen's problem was that he was just too honest—too human, too normal. In fact, Larry Lee, a former Lions executive—black, if anyone cares—told Michael Wilbon of the *Washington Post*, "It was Matt's inexperience in the front office that led him to be so open about [his] desire, when an experienced front-office executive would have kept [it] to himself." So Millen is penalized, and demonized, for not being a more convincing actor in a charade: for saying (essentially), "This is the coach I want, race has nothing to do with it, I'm going to hire him, if NFL teams still have something like freedom of action."

After Millen was fined, he—and the Lions—mounted all the usual defenses: beginning with "Some of my best friends are black." (Millen's compadre at Penn State was another football standout, Bruce Clark. Together, they were known as "Salt and Pepper.") The Lions put out the usual abject statement, to wit, "While we respectfully disagree with the [NFL's] decision . . . we continue to enthusiastically support all initiatives which promote diversity in hiring," blah, blah, blah. The team pleaded that it had blacks coming out its ears, including a dozen in management positions. Plus, there was the Lions' black offensive coordinator (in fact, the last *three* had been black! How about *that?!*). This is one of the problems with the racializing of life: It mandates the counting up of everyone by skin color, incessantly. An offensive coordinator stops being an offensive coordinator and begins being a proud racial stat.

As always, things are infinitely easier when you judge people as people.

Lions vice-chairman Bill Ford Jr.—of the auto family—testily contended that he had "more African-Americans running dealerships than all the rest of the auto companies combined." He also pointed out that he had once been NAACP Man of the Year. William C. Rhoden, the dyspeptic and race-minded sports columnist of the *New York Times*, said, "Did he get the 'Soul Train' award, too?"

Good one, Rhoden!

This is the dilemma the likes of Ford are in: They can't win for losing. If they hire a white coach—even while fulfilling the Rooney Rule to perfection—they may be seen as social villains. If they hire a black coach, they will win applause (until they feel like firing that coach, in which event they'd better have a passel of black candidates at the ready). Every hirer of a head coach is now under a microscope, his very humanity in question. When the 49ers hired Dennis Erickson, and the Dallas Cowboys hired Bill Parcells, and the Jacksonville Jaguars hired Jack Del Rio, all three teams came under very, very heavy suspicion. The teams had obeyed the Rooney Rule, all right: but these coaches are white. And they themselves were the subjects of much editorial abuse. The suggestion, in each case, was that they had benefited from what we used to call "white skin privilege." They were "recycled," and worse.

Next year, Dick Vermeil, head coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, will likely retire. Therefore, as Randy Covitz noted in the *Kansas City Star*, the team "could be in the crosshairs of the minority-hiring issue . . . and a target of [Johnnie] Cochran's." What if, for example, the club "promotes assistant head coach Al Saunders and gives the impression it did not fairly consider minority candidates"? We are now into impressions. Perhaps the brave new social engineers should stop pussyfootin' around with this interviewing stuff and simply mandate the hiring of black head coaches—a certain percentage of the slots in the league. Say, half. Such a scenario is not altogether unthinkable, and it would have the benefit of cutting to the chase.

As always, things are infinitely easier when you judge people as people, and not as representatives of a race. These affirmative-action questions, which pop up in every area of American life, get so dreary, we tire of making the usual points and arguments: What if there's a half-black coach? Do you have to interview another half-black coach—or another "fully" black coach, making one and a half, total—to be in compliance with Rooney?

And one thinks of another question, with deep roots in the abolition and civil-rights movements (not to mention the Bible): How long, Lord? How long will we bend under a racial storm, until dumb color washes away? **NR**

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■ COVER STORY

THE AWFUL SPECTER OF YET ANOTHER TERM

Conservatives need a friend in Pennsylvania

JOHN J. MILLER

"I'LL go straight to the point," said Arlen Specter, shortly after sitting down to dinner with Paul Weyrich of the Free Congress Foundation in March. "I've got a primary and I'm being hit from the right. I want your support."

The Republican senator from Pennsylvania wasn't going to get it merely by breaking bread. Says Weyrich: "I told him I was disgusted with how he comes around just before his elections and asks for conservative endorsements, when we all know he won't give us the time of day later on." In years past, Weyrich has traveled to Specter's home turf and urged conservatives to stick with one of the GOP's most liberal members. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do this time."

The choice for Weyrich—and the whole conservative movement—is whether to make another uneasy peace with Specter in the prudential belief that no party holding a one-seat majority in the Senate should dump an incumbent who has won four previous elections in a swing state. The alternative is to rally behind Pat Toomey, an impressive congressman from Allentown who has launched an energetic primary bid against the man who has done more to frustrate conservative goals over the years than perhaps any other member of his caucus. Specter may not be the most unreliable GOP senator—he faces strong competition in that category from Lincoln Chafee of Rhode Island—but he is almost certainly the most harmful, because he is smart, ruthless, and influential.

Weyrich's complaint is a common one: Specter votes like a Democrat until late in his term, when he remembers that he will need at least some conservatives on his side if he's going to win another six years. "Arlen is not a team player, but we're getting a little more cooperation out of him this year," says one GOP senator. In 2001, for instance, Specter was in his usual form, helping slash the Bush administration's tax cuts by $250 billion. This year, however, he embraced the president's tax-relief proposals early on. "There's more reason for an economic stimulus now," he says. Skeptics think it's not the economy he's trying to jump-start as much as it is his Republican base—which he'll need in next April's primary.

PRICKLY, PRICKLY

The 73-year-old Specter is one of the Senate's best-known but least-liked members. His notoriety dates back to 1964, when, as a young lawyer serving on the Warren Commission, he invented the "single-bullet theory" to explain how Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated President Kennedy. Ever since, conspiracy groupies have blamed him for a major cover-up. In Oliver Stone's movie *JFK*, Kevin Costner's character labels Specter "an ambitious junior counselor" behind "one of the grossest lies ever forced on the American people."

Lawmakers on Capitol Hill have much better reasons for disliking him: They regard Specter as one of the prickliest pols in Congress—a humorless man who is cold to colleagues and cruel to staff. Late one night several years ago, Senate majority leader Trent Lott needed Specter to sign off on an appropriations bill. Specter agreed to do it, for a price: Lott would have to attend two

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fundraisers in Pennsylvania. Lott made the deal, but this sort of legislative hostage-taking doesn't win fans. "There are two kinds of senators: Republicans who don't like Specter and Democrats who don't like Specter," says a former leadership aide. In a *Washingtonian* magazine survey, Hill staffers rated him the Senate's meanest member. This has given rise to one of Specter's nicknames: Snarlin' Arlen.

Being "mean" isn't necessarily a bad quality in a politician. When Weyrich stumped for Specter in 1992, he made a simple point to his conservative listeners: "Arlen Specter is a jerk, but he's our jerk." A former Senate staffer puts it this way: "If there's a tough debate going on, you definitely want Specter on your side."

> 'There are two kinds of senators: Republicans who don't like Specter and Democrats who don't like Specter.'

The problem for conservatives is that Specter isn't their jerk nearly enough. He is an abortion-rights absolutist, a dogged advocate of racial preferences, a bitter foe of tort reform, a firm friend of the International Criminal Court—the list is long. When Citizens Against Government Waste recently listed Specter in its "Pig Book" as one of the Senate's most profligate spenders, he shot back: "If they left me out, I'd be worried." In 1995, Specter briefly ran for president and pursued the unique strategy of attacking the base of his own party: His announcement speech lobbed a grenade at "the intolerant Right." After pressing this theme for several months, one poll showed him attracting support from a grand total of 1 percent of Republicans. The senator's lifetime rating from the American Conservative Union is 42 percent (Pat Toomey's is 97).

In July, Specter disappointed conservatives yet again when he blocked a school-choice proposal that would have granted vouchers to 2,000 poor students in the District of Columbia. Prominent Democrats, including D.C. mayor Anthony Williams and Sen. Dianne Feinstein of California, support the plan. So did Specter six years ago, when he voted in favor of a similar measure. "I've regretted it ever since," he now says. "I believe school choice violates the separation of church and state. It's unconstitutional." But didn't the Supreme Court rule otherwise last year? "It was a 5–4 decision. The court may change its mind." Specter's own children attended private school in Philadelphia. "They didn't have access to a good public school," he explains. So what would he say to a mother in D.C. who insists that her kids don't have access to a good public school either? "There are charter schools available. I've led the way to improve the quality of education in America."

Specter's biggest impact probably has come on the Judiciary Committee. That makes sense, because he was a prominent lawyer before arriving in Washington. In addition to his work on the Warren Commission, he was twice elected district attorney in Philadelphia, where he earned a tough-on-crime reputation. On the Judiciary Committee, he has been tough on Republican judicial nominees. In 1986, Ronald Reagan selected Jeff Sessions of Alabama for the federal bench, but Specter joined his Democratic colleagues in defeating the nomination—it was only the second time the Judiciary Committee had turned down a nominee since the FDR era. Attorney general Ed Meese called it "an appalling surrender to the politics of ideology." Sessions didn't vanish from public life; in 1996, he was elected to the Senate. Now he sits with Specter on the Judiciary Committee. The two men don't talk about what passed between them 17 years ago, but Specter admits he made a mistake: "I've gotten to know him. I regret my vote."

Specter doesn't regret a more famous vote that took place the following year, on the Supreme Court nomination of Robert Bork. This was a watershed moment in Washington politics, when left-wing histrionics began to play a leading role in judicial confirmations—and the term "borking" was born. Bork had an impeccable record as a law professor and judge, but the debate over his nomination was dominated by the fevered rhetoric of his enemies, who said that confirming him would condemn women to back-alley abortions and blacks to segregated lunch counters. Fresh from his first re-election a few months earlier, Specter couldn't make up his mind about what to do. He questioned Bork for hours in his private chambers and at public hearings. In the end, he decided to vote against confirmation. "He called and said that he couldn't be sure about me," says Bork. "I've never known what he meant by that." Specter's announcement doomed the nomination. As Bork lobbyist Tom Korologos put it at the time: "Specter hit the game-winning RBI." Conservatives, of course, resent that he was batting for the wrong team.

Specter likes to think that he redeemed himself in the eyes of the Right four years later, when he was a strong defender of embattled nominee Clarence Thomas. With his next election a year away, he was indeed looking to win points with the Right. His strong prosecutorial skills became an important asset to Thomas, in hearings that polarized the country even more than Bork's had. It is possible to believe that without Specter's aggressive interrogation of Anita Hill, including his accusation that she may have committed perjury, Thomas would not have been confirmed.

Yet Specter wasted little time in distancing himself from the man he helped elevate. He has described the Thomas–Hill episode as a kind of sensitivity seminar on sexual harassment: "The hearings were a learning experience for me and, for that matter, for America, too." He has also expressed his "disappointment" in Thomas's performance on the Supreme Court. Specter refuses to use the same word today, though he's clearly not comfortable with Thomas's conservative record. "He's grown a lot in the last twelve years," says the senator. But Specter still won't commit to voting for Thomas if he were nominated as Chief Justice. "I'd want to think about that," he says. What about Antonin Scalia for chief justice? "I'd want to think about that, too."

NO END TO APOSTASY?

The impeachment trial of Bill Clinton occurred before the full Senate rather than the Judiciary Committee, but many people

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believed Specter again would play a memorable role. And in fact he did, though his performance was most noteworthy for its weirdness. Senators were supposed to determine whether Clinton was "guilty" or "not guilty" of impeachable crimes. Specter, however, wanted a third option: "Under Scottish law, there are three possible verdicts: 'guilty,' 'not guilty,' and 'not proven.'" He said that the president had not received a proper trial, in the sense that no witnesses were called—and therefore senators didn't have enough information to convict. When Specter announced "not proven" during the roll call, Chief Justice William Rehnquist ordered his verdict to be recorded as "not guilty." Specter continued to claim that the distinction was meaningful, and suggested that perhaps Clinton should face a criminal trial in an actual court after leaving office. Yet he clearly doesn't have a low opinion of the former president; two pictures of Clinton decorate the foyer of Specter's Senate office.

During the George W. Bush administration, Specter has supported most of the president's picks for the federal bench. In May, however, he forced the Judiciary Committee to send the nomination of Leon Holmes to the Senate floor without a recommendation—an embarrassing setback for the White House. (As of this writing, there still hasn't been a floor vote on Holmes.) In July, he voted to approve Bill Pryor's nomination, but not before announcing that he might change his mind and vote against Pryor on the Senate floor.

This behavior is no surprise, though it would take on added significance if Specter were to become the next chairman of the Judiciary Committee, as he is now in line to do. Orrin Hatch of Utah is the current chairman, but he's term-limited in that position. Next comes Chuck Grassley of Iowa, who isn't expected to give up his control of the powerful Finance Committee. After him sits Specter, who has wanted the top job at Judiciary for years. "There's a lot I would like to do," he says, citing violent crime, antitrust law, and privacy as leading concerns. Several of his colleagues on the committee, however, are worried about the prospect of a Chairman Specter in 2005. "He could take the committee in a more liberal direction," says one of them. "It would definitely be a challenge."

Perhaps this is the clinching argument against Specter: He may in fact be the GOP's best bet for holding Pennsylvania's Senate seat, but his re-election also represents the best shot liberals have for influencing an important committee in a Senate they don't otherwise control. What's more, if Specter wins a fifth term in 2004, he'll be 80 years old in 2010 and perhaps ready to retire. If he knows he doesn't have to face voters again, conservatives may not even get the one or two years of leverage over him they've come to expect.

Specter's Pennsylvania colleague Rick Santorum, a committed conservative, supports Specter over Pat Toomey. "There's no question that Arlen's an independent guy, but he also understands the concept of team," says Santorum. "This race could draw resources away from other states, where there's a big difference between a Democrat and a Republican rather than a small one between Specter and Toomey." This party-line loyalty is remarkable, because Specter tried to complicate Santorum's first Senate primary by recruiting a pro-abortion woman to run against him. His first choice was Teresa Heinz, widow of the late Republican senator John Heinz (and now the wife of John Kerry). When she said no, Specter turned to state auditor Barbara Hafer, who looked like a candidate for a few weeks but didn't get in. Specter was forced to abandon his efforts. Santorum captured the GOP nod and won the general election—showing that true-blue conservatives can prevail in Pennsylvania if they invigorate conservatives and run respectably among the state's many Reagan Democrats.

Anybody launching a primary challenge against an incumbent faces long odds, but Toomey is optimistic. "I wouldn't be doing this if I weren't convinced I could win," he says. Specter is taking the primary seriously, which is good news and bad news for Toomey: good because it suggests that Specter really does feel vulnerable, bad because Specter won't fall victim to Lazy Incumbent Syndrome. At the end of June, Specter had nearly $9 million in the bank, compared to about $1.5 million for Toomey. "I won't be out-hustled," says the senator.

Yet the 41-year-old congressman remains confident. "I never thought I was going to raise more money than Arlen Specter," he says. "But I am going to raise enough to get out my message." Most experts think he'll need at least $4 million to have a real chance to win. He may yet succeed: In 1998, Specter faced two nameless primary opponents who spent next to nothing on their campaigns, and they attracted a combined 33 percent of the vote. This suggests that Toomey—not an unknown, but a conservative standout in the House who has won three elections in a Democratic-leaning district—begins with one-third of Republicans already in his pocket. He will only go up from there. And nobody should regard Specter as invincible in the general election: In 1992, Lynn Yeakel came out of nowhere and almost beat him, holding Specter to 49 percent of the electorate and drawing 46 percent for herself.

Much of the GOP establishment nevertheless is getting behind Specter, including the White House. But Toomey is making gains. Two dozen members of the state legislature support his insurgency, as do Pennsylvania right-to-life groups and national organizations such as the Club for Growth. Steve Forbes and Grover Norquist also back him. The Pennsylvania primary is closed, meaning that only Republicans can vote in it; conservatives therefore will have a lot to say about who wins the nomination. Specter believes there's a conservative case to be made on behalf of his re-election. On primary day, though, conservatives might well make a different declaration: "Not proven." **NR**

Toomey—a conservative standout in the House—begins with one-third of Republicans already in his pocket. He will only go up from there.

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■ POLITICS

Annals of Bush-Hating

Have you seen what's out there? And do the media care?

BYRON YORK

ARE you aware of the murderous history of George W. Bush—indeed, of the entire Bush family? Are you aware of the president's Nazi sympathies? His crimes against humanity? And do you know, by the way, that George W. Bush is a certifiable moron?

If you haven't heard the news, you're not on the cutting edge of Bush-hating. Anyone with Internet access and a little curiosity can discover an extensive network of websites like Bushbodycount.com, which accuses the president and his family of involvement in "mysterious" deaths; Fearbush.com and Takebackthemedia.com, which traffic in images of Bush in Nazi regalia; and Presidentmoron.com and Toostupidtobepresident.com, which portray the president as a drooling idiot. Taken together, the sites, and dozens of others like them, represent the far Left's online equivalent of the infamous *Clinton Chronicles* and *Clinton Body Count* videos and websites of the 1990s, which accused Bill Clinton of all sorts of murders and criminal deeds.

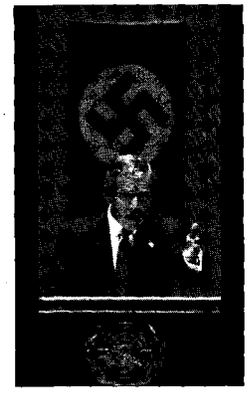
Back then, the Clinton compilations troubled liberal observers and spurred a series of disapproving articles—not to mention armchair psychoanalyses—about Clinton-hating. Today, there appears to be less concern. But perhaps the political world should take more notice. Yes, some of the Bush-hating sites are obscure, but others are not, and given the upcoming presidential race and the intense passions it will likely generate, it seems reasonable to predict that they will all become better known. And it seems just as likely that some of the material they publish will inexorably seep into the wider political discussion. Bush-hating, already intense in some circles, could well become a growth industry in the coming year.

THE BUSH REICH

A staple of Bush-hating is the portrayal of the president as a Nazi. That has, of course, been a prominent part of other attacks against other presidents, but today it seems to be deployed with particular aggressiveness against Bush. There are thousands of references, across the vastness of the Internet, linking Bush to Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich. Do you want to buy a T-shirt with a swastika replacing the "s" in Bush? No problem. Do you want to collect images of Bush in a German army uniform, with a Hitler mustache Photoshopped onto his face? That's easy. Do you want to find pictures of Dick Cheney and Tom Ridge and Ari Fleischer dressed as Bush's Nazi henchmen? That's easy, too.

And it's not just doctored photos. There is a lot of writing, much of it quite serious, claiming similarities between Bush and Hitler. "It's going a bit far to compare the Bush of 2003 to the Hitler of 1933," writes Dave Lindorff in "Bush and Hitler: The Strategy of Fear," which appeared in February on the far-left site Counterpunch.org. "Bush simply is not the orator that Hitler was. But comparisons of the Bush administration's fear-mongering tactics to those practiced so successfully and with such terrible results by Hitler and Goebbels . . . are not at all out of line."

Lindorff is not an obscure, solitary blogger. The author of *Killing Time: An Investigation into the Death Row Case of Mumia Abu-Jamal*, he has contributed to *The Nation* and *Salon*, and has appeared on National Public Radio. And Counterpunch is not an obscure website. It is edited by the leftist journalist Alexander Cockburn, features writing by Edward Said and Philip Agee, and claims to attract 60,000 visitors each day. Nor was Lindorff's Bush/Hitler reference an aberration at Counterpunch. The day before Lindorff's article appeared, another author, Wayne Madsen, wrote that Bush is "borrowing liberally from Hitler's play book." The Führer, Lindorff said, "would be proud that an American president is emulating him in so many ways."



A significant portion of the "Bush is a Nazi" rhetoric has its origins in the antiwar movement. One antiwar site, Takebackthemedia.com, which attracted some attention in the press during the run-up to war in Iraq, features a variety of anti-Bush "flash movies." One, entitled "Bush is not a Nazi, so stop saying that," begins with ominous music and the warning: "The media will not tell you of the Bush family Nazi association." The movie goes on to accuse the Bushes of first financing the Third Reich—and then coming up with a clever plan to conceal their treason: "To offset their reputation as World War II traitors, former President Bush joined the U.S. Navy as a pilot." Then the viewer sees a series of statements equating the current President Bush with Hitler. "Both leaders had catastrophes occur allowing

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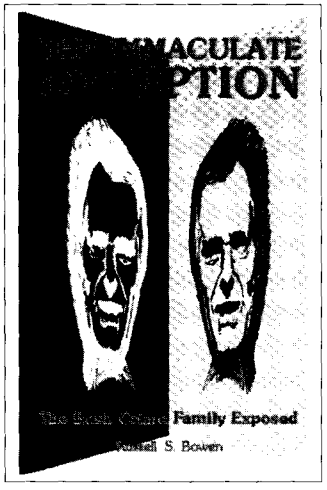
them to remove many civil rights," the movie says, showing side-by-side pictures of the Reichstag fire and the World Trade Center attacks. The screen switches to a photo of Bush with a young woman athlete and a picture of Hitler with an adoring young fan. "Imperialism seems to be a real turn-on," the text says. Later, the movie shows Bush with a small child alongside a picture of Hitler with a young man; the caption reads, "You don't mind if I kill your brother/father/uncle to get rich, do you kid?"

Such material will undoubtedly seem crazy to most readers. But it received a kind of scholarly seal of approval with the recent publication of a study of political conservatism—written by professors at Stanford, Berkeley, and the University of Maryland—that likened Hitler and Mussolini to Ronald Reagan and Rush Limbaugh. All were "right-wing conservatives," the authors wrote in the American Psychological Association's *Psychological Bulletin*, and as such shared traits like "mental rigidity and closed-mindedness," "increased dogmatism and intolerance of ambiguity," and "fear, anger, and aggression." "One is justified in referring to Hitler, Mussolini, Reagan, and Limbaugh as right-wing conservatives," the professors concluded, "because they all preached a return to an idealized past and favored or condoned inequality in some form." If the nation's leading scholars can lump together Hitler and Reagan, why not Hitler and George W. Bush, as well?

AN EVIL EMPIRE?

When web surfers tire of reading about the president's Nazi tendencies, they can turn to the history of the Bush Crime Family, or what is sometimes known on the web as the BFEE, or Bush Family Evil Empire. The website Bushbodycount.com tells the story of hundreds of deaths in which the president and his relatives were allegedly implicated. "This is a list of bodies, a roster of the dead, who might have been called Witnesses had they not met their untimely ends," Bushbodycount says. The site accuses the president, as well as George H. W. Bush, of involvement in dozens of suspicious deaths, beginning with the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Bushbodycount tells readers that "an internal FBI memo reported that on November 22 [1963] a reputed businessman named George H. W. Bush reported hearsay that a certain Young Republican had been talking of killing the president when he came to Houston." The site refers to an old, discredited story from *The Nation* that came out during the 1988 presidential campaign alleging that the elder Bush had been in the CIA in 1963. "George H. W. Bush has denied this," Bushbodycount concludes in classic conspiratorial style, "although he was in Texas and cannot account for his whereabouts at the time."

Of course, not all the deaths with which the Bushes were allegedly involved were so momentous. For example, Bushbodycount connects the Bush family to the death of Mark Lombardi, a New York conceptual artist whose work took its inspiration from the Iran-Contra, Whitewater, and savings-and-loan scandals (one of his pieces included an image of Neil Bush, the president's brother). "On the evening of March 22, 2000," Bushbodycount writes, "Mark Lombardi was found hanging in his loft, an apparent suicide," another potential "witness"—to what is not clear—who met an untimely end. A similar fate awaited J. H. Hatfield, author of the George W. Bush biography *Fortunate Son*, a book that achieved momentary notoriety for its allegation that Bush had used cocaine. But Hatfield's fortunes fell after the charge was debunked and his role in an alleged credit-card-fraud scheme, as well as his imprisonment for a 1987 car bombing, came to light. "He was found Wednesday, July 18, [2001] in a motel room, an apparent suicide," Bushbodycount notes. With his death, Hatfield joined Bushbodycount's "silent voices," those "daring souls who kept the candles of democracy burning while their ignorant neighbors were helping the George Bush clan extinguish the fire."



All this might seem silly were it not for the fact that similar scandal-mongering was taken quite seriously during the Clinton years. The notorious 1994 video *The Clinton Chronicles* tied Bill Clinton to a series of "mysterious" deaths—"Since August 1991, an alarming number of Clinton associates have died of unnatural causes," it said—and helped spawn a small industry of Internet "Clinton body count" lists. Condemning *The Clinton Chronicles* and tying its unfounded accusations to the mainstream political opposition became a standard part of White House defense strategy in times of scandal. For example, in her famous "vast right-wing conspiracy" appearance on the *Today* show in January 1998, then-First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton complained about the "mean-spirited give and take of American politics right now," which included, she said, "accusing my husband of committing murder, of drug running." A few years earlier, Clinton operative George Stephanopoulos, speaking to the *Washington Post*, angrily said of the president's enemies, "They're accusing him of murders. . . . That's unheard of." The paper reported that Stephanopoulos "senses a conspiracy of sorts—a campaign of 'manufactured hate.'" And Bill Clinton himself often mentioned the accusations in an effort to show how unreasonable his opponents had become. "I've been accused of murder and all kinds of things," he said at a 1999 news conference.

And the Clintons did more than talk. In 1995, White House aides prepared a 311-page study entitled "Communication Stream of Conspiracy Commerce," which outlined a complex scheme of Clinton conspiracy theories. The still-young Internet, it said, took scandal stories and "bounced [them] all over the world." The document even singled out a lone website operator, a graduate student at Dartmouth, who posted a body count on his

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site. The death list was "one of the wackiest examples of the conspiracy theories that pass for news on the Internet and talk radio," wrote the late New York *Daily News* columnist Lars-Erik Nelson in a 1999 article, "Conspiracy Nuts Hit New Low with the Body Count." "It is ignored by the mainstream media as too nutty for serious comment. But it is widely circulated and widely muttered over."

The same might be said of the Bush body count, which is likely being seen by more people than one might imagine. The bible for Bush murder-and-conspiracy aficionados is a book titled *The Immaculate Deception: The Bush Crime Family Exposed*, which promises readers a "shocking" look into "the unsavory past of George Bush and his family." The book, originally published during the first Bush presidency and re-issued for the second, has been invisible in the press, but sells at a steady pace. On Amazon.com recently, it ranked No. 385 in sales—not a best-seller, but well ahead of several other books that appeal to the anti-Bush audience, including *The Bush Dyslexicon: Observations on a National Disorder*, by Mark Crispin Miller, *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot*, by Al Franken, and *Shrub: The Short but Happy Political Life of George W. Bush*, by Molly Ivins.

PRESIDENTMORON.COM

In July 2001, a fictional "study" purporting to show that George W. Bush had the lowest IQ of any recent president spread across the Internet. According to a "press release" on the web, the "Lovenstein Institute" of Scranton, Pa., conducted a "four month study of the intelligence quotient of President George W. Bush" using the "Swanson/Crain system of intelligence ranking." The fictional researchers determined that Bush's IQ was 91—precisely half that of Bill Clinton's 182, which was said to be the highest of recent presidents.

The hoax should have been easy to spot. A check of any number of databases (and even the phone book) would have shown that the "Lovenstein Institute" did not exist. In addition, the report cited the work of "Dr. Werner R. Lovenstein, world-renowned sociologist," and "Professor Patricia F. Dilliams, world-respected psychiatrist"; a simple check would have shown that both were fictional characters. Nevertheless, the IQ story struck some of the president's critics as so believable that a few of them, including newspapers in Britain and Europe and *Doonesbury* cartoonist Garry Trudeau, reported it as fact. It can still be found on the web today. There, it's just a small part of the wider discussion about George W. Bush's "stupidity." Surfing the web, readers will find dozens of sites devoted in whole or in part to declaring that the president is irredeemably dumb.

There is Toostupidtobepresident.com, the introduction of which reads, "Surely, there have been smug, duplicitous, rich whelps who have served as President of the United States. But, none of them have been quite as dumb as George W. Bush. . . . Perhaps, his brain was damaged by a 20 year alcoholic binge. Maybe it was all the alleged cocaine, or even a combination of both the former and the latter." There is also Presidentmoron.com, which features phony news stories that, instead of referring to "President Bush," refer to "President MORON." And there is Bushisamoron.org, which says that it is "dedicated to preserving the legacy of Bush's idiocy."

There's also Buzzflash.com, a popular leftist news site that regularly refers to the president as the "moron-in-chief." And then there are Bushorchimp.com and Smirkingchimp.com, which juxtapose images of Bush and chimpanzees. Again, such material might not seem worth taking seriously, but the kind of smash-mouth discourse one sees on the web can sometimes make its way into the larger political world. For example, last year Françoise Ducros, Canadian Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's director of communications, was forced to resign after calling Bush a "moron" at a NATO summit. Ducros was cheered in some quarters of the web, where she was seen as bringing into the mainstream dialogue something that's said online every day.

BUSHOPHOBIA!

In April 1994, *Time* magazine's Nina Burleigh wrote a story titled "Clintonophobia! Just who are these Clinton haters, and why do they loathe Bill and Hillary with such passion?" (Readers might remember Burleigh for the brief celebrity she enjoyed in 1998, when she confessed her sexual desire for Clinton and told the *Washington Post* that she would be "happy to give him [oral sex] just to thank him for keeping abortion legal.") In the *Time* article, Burleigh quoted historian Alan Brinkley, who declared that Clinton was "the first president who has generated this kind of right-wing hatred" and suggested that a conservative president would not have had to suffer such attacks from his opponents. "Liberals tend to value tolerance highly," Brinkley said, "so there's a greater reluctance to destroy enemies than among the right."

There is now a conservative president, and Brinkley's dictum is being put to the test. It appears to be failing; one could wander through the anti-Bush world on the web for a long time looking for the liberal tolerance that Brinkley cited.

Furthermore, Burleigh classified as Clinton-haters those who simply raised questions about Whitewater or opposed the First Lady's health-care plan. If a similar standard were applied today, everyone who questioned the war in Iraq or opposed the president's tax cuts would be a Bush-hater. Clearly that's not the case. But there *are* Bush-haters out there. Just as there were people during the Clinton years who accused the president of murder or imagined him snorting cocaine in the White House, there are now those who see George W. Bush as Hitler and fantasize that his family is an international crime organization. Perhaps it will all somehow remain confined to the Internet. But experience tells us it probably won't, and, sooner or later, the ideas of Counterpunch and Bushbodycount and Presidentmoron will find their way into the political debate of 2004. **NR**

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■ HISTORY

An Empire Like No Other

The British experience was unique; America will write its own chapters

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

HERE on my desk I have a 1924 atlas of the world that belonged to my grandfather, an Englishman. Its actual title is: *The British Empire Universities Up-to-date Atlas-guide to the British Commonwealth of Nations and Foreign Countries*. The book is divided into three sections. First, of course, are the maps, 136 pages of them. Then comes "British Commonwealth of Nations: Descriptive and Statistical Notes," covering 97 pages. Finally there are 56 pages on "Foreign Countries: Descriptive and Statistical Notes."

Published as it was at the very high tide of British imperialism, this atlas is an instructive document. Even its title is instructive, the grander term "Empire" yielding to the more diffident "Commonwealth," as actual British political control over self-governing "white dominions" like Australia and South Africa became ever more theoretical. These dominions were not recognized as free countries within the Commonwealth until 1926, and this status was not formalized by statute until 1931. Lesser places were still colonies, protectorates, mandates, or possessions; and India was an empire all by itself.

This confusion of nomenclature betrayed a weakening of confidence. While the British Empire described in Granddad's atlas was indeed at its largest physically, imperial self-assurance had peaked a quarter century earlier. The bumptious innocence of Victorian imperialism was long lost. Doubt and cynicism had fixed their clammy grip on the British, at least on the educated classes (1924 was also the year E. M. Forster published *A Passage to India*). The imperial idea soldiered on for a surprisingly long time, though. I am merely middle-aged, but I have a very dim memory from my English childhood of an Empire Day—May 24—when my entire elementary school was formed up in the playground to sing one of the first songs I ever learned, "There'll Always Be an England."

> Red, white and blue—
> What does it mean to you?
> Surely you're proud,
> Shout it loud:
> Britons awake!
> The Empire, too—
> We can depend on you.
> Freedom remains;
> These are the chains
> Nothing can break.

Britain's was not the only empire extant in 1924. Take the very first map in Granddad's atlas—"The World: Colonial Powers and Communications." The British Empire is colored pink, of course. There are also distinctive colors for the imperial possessions of France, Italy, Portugal, the Netherlands, Spain, and the United States.

The inclusion of the United States in a list of imperial powers can be disconcerting to us Americans, accustomed as we are to think of ourselves as a nation radically hostile to the very notion of imperialism. There on the map are those U.S. possessions, though, colored a delicate shade of green: the Philippines, "Porto Rico," Hawaii, Guam, Samoa, the Panama Canal Zone. The United States was in the business of 20th-century imperialism right along with those other nations identified on my 1924 map, and with some not identified, or recently out of the game: Japan, Belgium, Turkey, Russia, China, Denmark.

Not all Americans were happy about this. An Anti-Imperialist League had been formed to fight the annexation of the Philippines in 1898, with worthies like Andrew Carnegie and Samuel Gompers leading the charge. Our imperial adventures were carefully cloaked in talk of "tutelage" and "protection." Not for us the plumed helmets and durbars of "official" imperialism, as practiced by the European powers. The American style was reserved, apologetic, respectful. We planted no settlers, transported no convicts, established no Colonial Office, and always insisted that our occupation of other people's land overseas was temporary, and entirely against our better instincts. In most cases, we meant it.

And now our thoughts are turning—with proper republican reluctance, but turning nonetheless—toward the necessity for a new imperialism. Since that dreadful day two years ago, it has dawned on large numbers of Americans that dysfunctional states in remote places can be dire and immediate threats to us. Third-world sinkholes can no longer be left to fester in their own backwardness. It is necessary, simply as a matter of self-interest, to go into them and sort out their affairs. More recent events suggest, too, that the threats are not limited to terrorism and weapons of mass destruction. Three years ago, the Clinton administration's declaration that AIDS is a threat to our national security was much scoffed at. (I know it was—I was among the scoffers.) On reflection, though, and particularly following the SARS epidemic, it is hard to argue with the proposition that public-health issues in benighted parts of the world might indeed be of pressing concern here at home.

Few of us believe these matters can be left to international agencies like the U.N. In certain special circumstances—where there is no strategic interest on the part of important powers, no bitter dispute over sovereignty, and some long-standing sense of nationhood to build on—the U.N. can help matters along, as it has in Cambodia. In places where America's interests are at stake, however (and in conflict with those of other nations)—and where national feeling is divided, or artificial, or non-existent, so that patriotic native elites cannot easily take control of the situation—we need to act in our own interests. We are unlikely to be able to

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restrict our actions just to diplomacy, or to in-and-out police action. The trumpets are sounding; we are called to our imperial duty; we must take up the White Man's Burden. (It is worth noting Kipling's definition of "white man," given in 1897: "the race speaking the English tongue, with a high birth rate and a low murder rate, living quietly under Laws which are neither bought nor sold.")

IMPERIALISM, THEN AND NOW

In doing so, the question arises: Have we anything to learn from the British experience? At first sight, the imperial impulse seems very different in each case. For us, the driving force is concern for our own security. For them, it was commercial and demographic: merchants in search of new markets, emigrants in search of new land. There are, however, some similarities to be noted between our present movement toward imperial "meddling" and the British experience of 150 years ago.

There is, for example, the ambivalence with which we approach the matter. So it was with Britain. The acquisition of the British Empire was not a planned project backed by unanimous national enthusiasm. Hostility to imperialism had a fine pedigree in Britain, among both Tories and Whigs—both Doctor Johnson and Adam Smith were anti-imperialists. One of the most influential groups in mid-19th-century Britain, the Manchester liberals, opposed imperial adventures on free-trade principles. Thus there was no national consensus for the creation of the British Empire. It all happened, as historian J. R. Seeley famously remarked, "in a fit of absence of mind." Sometimes trade followed the flag; at least as often, the flag followed trade—and not always trade of a respectable kind. The Royal Navy was dispatched to obtain "satisfaction and reparation" for the Chinese seizure of opium at Canton, and ended up acquiring Hong Kong.

Another similarity can be found in the arguments being advanced for the new imperialism. The principal motives are, as I said, different; the people of 19th-century Britain did not face the possibility of their cities being destroyed by terrorist gangs from Afghanistan or Mesopotamia. The parallel is that both Left and Right in the present-day U.S.A. are keen on intervention—though, of course, from different motives and by different means. The Left wishes us to join together with other nations in these ventures for the common good, and out of mainly humanitarian motives. We conservatives, on the other hand, have America's own interests at the front of our minds, and are not much inclined to seek help from other nations (or to believe such help would be forthcoming if sought). There is an echo here of 19th-century parliamentary debates: Disraeli the pragmatic champion of Britain's interests, Gladstone fired by outrage at the inhumanity and injustice suffered by the peoples of distant places.

That humanitarian element in British imperialism bears closer examination. It has been forgotten, or glossed over, in the anti-imperialist fervor of recent decades. Certainly the British imperial enterprise had its dark sides. The example I gave above, of the opium traffic in China, was one; the slave trade was of course another. When the Empire got properly into its stride, though, humanitarianism was a major driving force. Slavery was abolished throughout Britain's possessions in 1834, and much of the work of the Royal Navy through the middle decades of the 19th century was devoted to the suppression of slave trafficking by peoples of other nations—including this one. The British colony of Sierra Leone was founded as a refuge for freed slaves, a dozen years before Liberia. The drive to eliminate slavery was fueled by evangelical Christianity, which, in the form of missionary activity, continued to be an important element of the imperial thrust well into the 20th century, especially in Africa.

Nor could the idealistic side of imperialism be altogether separated from the commercial. Where large tribal groups have been at loggerheads for centuries, their endless civil wars spreading chaos and misery, ordinary commerce, and even ordinary life, is impossible. The imperial power may then come as a blessed peacemaker, even if it is propelled by primarily commercial motives. This was how the young Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington, viewed his campaigns in India. Probably many Indians saw them in the same light; and many more must have welcomed the British determination to stamp out such horrors as thuggee and suttee.

The British Empire was, in fact, for all its faults and occasional horrors, a net force for good. I cannot think of any place that Britain left worse—less healthy, less prosperous, less well-educated—than she found it. This point of view is very shocking to the anti-imperialist propagandists who still infest our universities, but it is nevertheless gaining ground. Accounts of the Empire published in recent years—among them Lawrence James's *The Rise and Fall of the British Empire* (1994) and Niall Ferguson's *Empire* (2003)—are respectful, even affectionate, while acknowledging the cruelty and arrogance that marred the imperial endeavor. This more balanced approach was prefigured by George Orwell. Though a keen anti-imperialist who believed that the whole thing (which he had experienced from the inside) was little better than a racket, Orwell nonetheless noted with characteristic honesty that "It may be that all [the Anglo-Indians] did was evil, but they changed the face of the earth (it is instructive to look at a map of Asia and compare the railway system of India with that of the surrounding countries) . . ."

Thus prompted, I have just checked with Granddad's atlas. The entry for Afghanistan reports that "There are no railways in the country."

> When the Empire got properly into its stride, humanitarianism was a major driving force.

THE UNLOVED IMPERIALISTS

Now, we should always be skeptical of too-neat historical analogies. Some intensive reading on the history of the British Empire has left me with the conviction that it was not an instance of anything more general. To be sure, it resembled every other empire in *some* way or other: the Roman in its tolerance for local customs,

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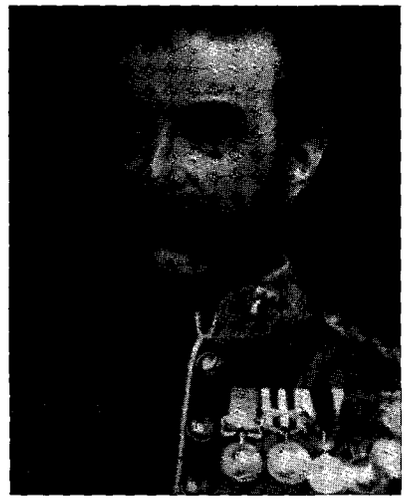
the Spanish in its seafaring prowess, the Venetian in its commercial energy, and so on. None of the parallels can be taken very far before they diverge, however. There never was anything quite like the British Empire before, and probably never will be again. The empty spaces of the world are all filled up, so there can be no more settler dominions. "We have got / The Gatling gun, and they have not" is not a workable operational principle against al-Qaeda-type terrorists.

I believe, though, that there are still some general lessons to be taken from the British experience. I shall mention two: one monitory, one encouraging.

Lesson one is that imperialists are unloved. This is particularly hard for Americans to swallow. I am an American myself now, but I grew up in England, hearing what other nations say about Americans. The first thing everyone says is that Americans have a great yearning to be liked, and are hurt and baffled at discovering they are not liked. (The second, just for the record, is that American men all live in terror of their womenfolk.) If we are to be any kind of success as imperialists, we had better get rid of that yearning. An imperial power can be feared, tolerated, even accepted to a degree, but it will never be loved, and must not hope to be. The best of the British imperialists understood this, and were not lulled into wishful thinking by the flattery of rent-seekers, the gratitude of minority peoples they had released from oppression (the Copts of Egypt, for example), or the preference felt by young native males for the regular food, wages, and adventure on offer from the imperial armies, as against a lifetime of cutting peat or tending water buffalo.



CORBIS MAJOR-GENERAL LORD CHELMSFORD G.C.B.

Whatever benefits we bring, the desire of all peoples to be ruled by their own kind will sooner or later reassert itself. No use to point out the benefits of imperial rule: You will simply be told that the roads and railways were built for the conquerors' own ends, to make subjugation easier. No use to point to the work done, and the lives of imperial soldiers and administrators lost, in the suppression of brigandage and slavery: It was all done for profit, will come the sneering reply. No use to point to the horrors the subject people had endured when they were left to govern themselves: You will only hear the words Byron put into the mouth of his Greek patriot: ". . . our masters then / Were still, at least, our countrymen."

It follows that the only imperialism we can, or should, aspire to is the temporary, tutelary kind—a fact that in any case suits our national aversion to colonial domination. Besides, the only really permanent imperialism is the one that utterly swamps the indigenes with immigrants loyal to the imperial power—and that kind of thing can only be accomplished when the imperial power possesses great demographic vitality, and when the territory to be occupied is thinly populated, at a low civilizational level. The last time anything like those circumstances obtained was in the mid 20th century, when Mao Tse-tung re-established Chinese control over the territories of the old Manchu empire. Since China is now heading for demographic collapse, the final outcome of that last spasm of true colonization cannot be taken as certain, except perhaps in Inner Mongolia.

So much for the monitory lesson to be drawn from the British experience. There is, though, a second, much more encouraging lesson. It is this: that open, consensual forms of government *can* be imposed on subject peoples, and will survive the departure of the legions. Furthermore, so far as it is possible to generalize from such a small sample, the British seem to have been rather good at this; so that we, their cultural and constitutional cousins, may hope for similar success. From the 44 British dominions, colonies, protectorates, territories, and possessions listed in my grandfather's atlas, 59 sovereign nations of the present day are descended or part-descended. Of these 59, I count 42 as democracies (giving the benefit of the doubt to some "trying hard," borderline cases like Malawi). That's 71 percent—not bad at all. The tally for France, on the same generous principles, is seven out of 24, a ratio of only 29 percent.

The survival of democracy in an ex-British territory is not inevitable. Nor, as many examples show, is it easy. Economics, religion, race, and location are all factors, but none seems to be decisive. Muslim Malaysia is a democracy but Muslim Pakistan is not. Black Jamaica is a democracy but black Zimbabwe is not. Brunei is rich but despotic; Lesotho is dirt-poor but democratic. Mauritius, a racial salad, is stable and free; Swaziland, which contains nothing but Swazis, is ruled by the decrees of an absolute monarch. Perhaps political scientists can extract general principles from all this: I cannot. It does at least seem clear, though, that no case should be prejudged as hopeless, that rational government can take root anywhere.

The Founders of this nation believed, in the words of George Washington's First Inaugural, that "Every step by which [the people of the United States] have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." There is something in our national character that makes us yearn for some assurance, or at least hint, of Divine sanction for our great enterprises—even when, as in the present case, they are already amply justified on grounds of self-interest. It would certainly help reconcile Americans to these necessary imperial expeditions if we could believe that they served some large historical tendency or purpose. Might this be so?

In the epilogue to *Farewell the Trumpets*, the last volume in her splendid history of the British Empire, Jan Morris speaks of a clarifying moment when, after years of laborious research, she suddenly saw the Empire as part of that grand evolutionary progress described by Teilhard de Chardin—"that infinitely slow and spasmodic movement towards the unity of mankind." Morris continues: "The arrogance of the Empire, its greed and its brutality, was energy gone to waste: but the good in the adventure, the courage, the idealism, the diligence, had contributed their quota of truth towards the universal fulfilment." It may be that we, in our efforts to thwart or contain the threats facing us in this new century, will contribute our own quota of truth to that same fulfilment. **NR**

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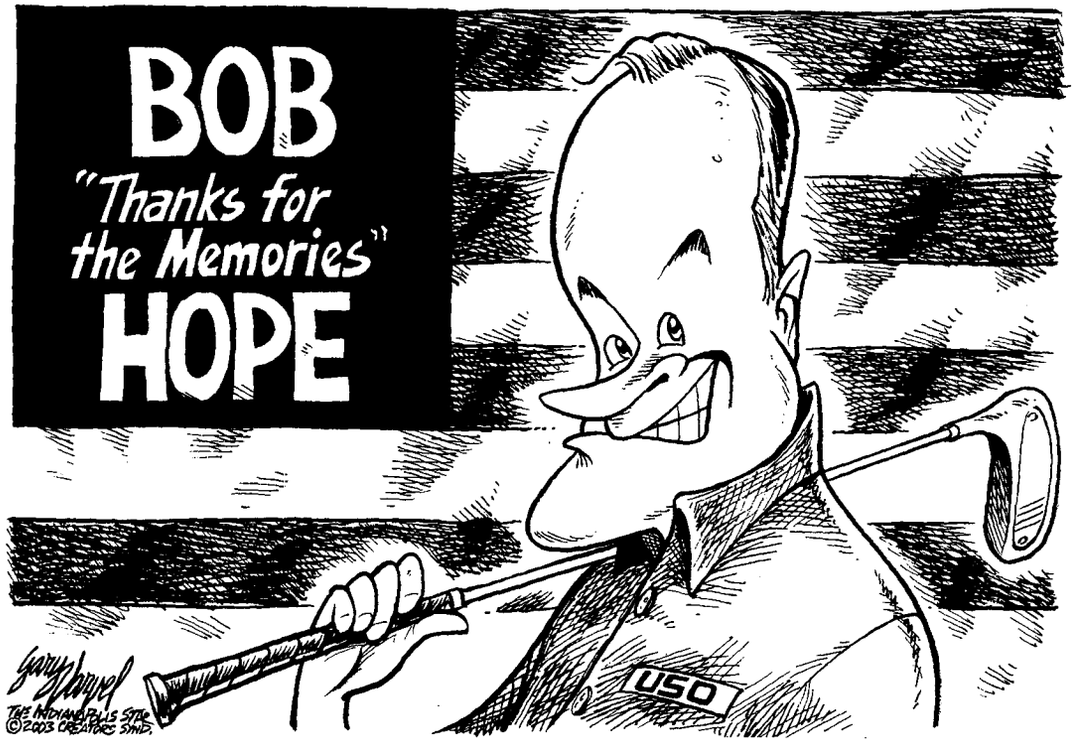

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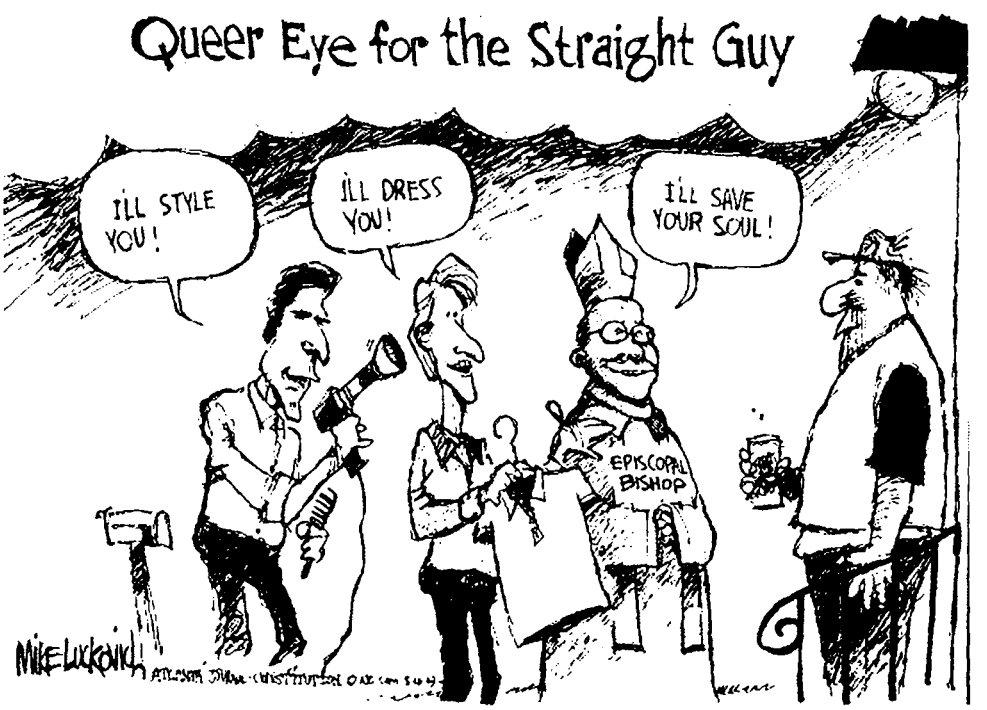
Gore's Back

There was Al in campaign mode:
It seems ages since he rode
Into, if not that dark night,
Then the sunset; where one might
(Or hoped one might) forget
Every class-war epithet.
You can bet those cranky nine
Gulped down something alkaline.

—W. H. von Dreele

"When you get his memory back,
could you leave out the Clinton administration?"



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the long view

ROB LONG

###CONFIDENTIAL###

###FOR YOUR EYES ONLY###

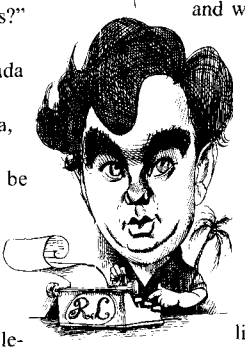
CENTCOM IRAQ SURVEILLANCE INTERCEPTS

08/01/03

INTERCEPT ONE

LOCATION: MOSUL OUTSKIRTS
SOURCE: MOBILE CELLULAR TELEPHONE SURVEILLANCE
TIME: 17:38

Unidentified Younger Male #1: ". . . with extra cheese, maybe some mushrooms if you have them—"
Unidentified Older Male: "And peppers! Make sure they have peppers!"
Unidentified Younger Male #2: "Okay, that's two large pizzas, extra cheese, and did that old dude in the background say peppers?"
UYM#1: "Yeah."
UYM#2: "His voice sounded kinda familiar."
UYM#1: "Just bring the pizza, okay?"
UYM#2: "Okay. Is that going to be cash or—"
UYM#1: "Gold leaf. Do you guys take gold leaf?"
UYM#2: "Um . . . I'll have to ask my supervisor."
UOM: "What is going on on that telephone? Do not give out so much information!"
UYM#2: "Dude, is that . . . you know, *him*?"
UYM#1: "Just bring the pizza, okay?"



END INTERCEPT

INTERCEPT TWO

LOCATION: TIKRIT-AREA SINGLE-FAMILY HOME
SOURCE: WIRETAP
TIME: 17:42

Unidentified Adult Male: "I forbid you to see him!"
Unidentified Minor Female: "What-*ever*."
UAM: "Don't you roll your eyes at me, young lady. Don't you *dare* roll your eyes at me!"
UMF: "I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!"
UAM: "Sit down! This conversation is not finished!"
[*Heavy sighs, chair scrapes across floor, sound of teenage minor female plopping herself heavily into chair*]
UAM: "In the first place, it is dangerous to go out at night. There are bad men who—"
UMF: "Oh *pu-leeeeeeeze*."
UAM: ". . . who would like to have a young Iraqi girl and—"
UMF: "Daddy, I am *safe* with him, okay? He's a lieutenant."
UAM: "Talk to her. Talk to your daughter. I am washing my hands of this."
Unidentified Adult Female: "Najira, I think what your father is saying—"
UMF: "I know what he's saying. He's saying I have no rights. He's saying that I'm a slave. He's saying that—"
UAF: "Dear, he's not saying that. He's just saying that, as much as you *think* you love this American boy—"
UMF: "I don't think, Mom, I *know*! His name is Eric and he's from someplace called Albany in someplace called Missouri and he's, like, 19 and totally hot and he's got two awesome killer rats and when we're together it's just a totally chill vibe and I love him, okay? And we're going to be together! And I'm going to live with him in that place called Missouri in Albany and buy things at the Wall Market and—"
UAM: "This is madness! You cannot marry an American! We're in the Sunni Triangle, for God's sake! I mean, the neighbors . . . What will the neighbors say?"
UMF: "I don't care, okay? I mean, like, I'm supposed to care?"
UAM: "They're invaders! They invaded!"
UMF: "I HATE YOUR VALUES!"
UAF: "Okay, okay, let's all just settle down, okay? Let's all just take a deep breath, okay? Now listen, Najira, we don't know this boy, we don't know his family, we don't know his tribe—"
UMF: "I *told* you. He's from Missouri. His mom works at the Wall Market and his dad drives a big rig."
UAM: "What is this 'big rig'?"
UMF: "It's a kind of . . . big . . . thing that . . . you know . . ."
UAM: "You do not know! No, no. I forbid this! I *forbid* it!"
UMF: "What is this? Some kind of *prison*? I'm in *prison* now?"
UAM: "I forbid this. No. No."
UMF: "Who died and made you Saddam, excuse me?"
UAM: "You think this is a prison? You think *this* is a prison? You don't know what a prison *is*, little missy. You don't know what it's like to be in a cell the size of a hummus container for six years because you look like somebody who made fun of Uday in third grade, okay? OKAY?"
UMF: "Ancient history."
UAM: "You see? You see? They come as liberators and it's our daughters they liberate. No. No! We need to drive them out of this country."
UAF: "Dear, Sweetie, what's wrong with some of the nice Iraqi boys you know?"
UMF: "Yeeccccchhhhhhh! They're all just so . . . so . . . tight pants and disco shirts and . . ."
UAM: "That was good enough for your mother!"
UMF: ". . . and all that back hair is just so gross!"
UAM: "Your mother loves that! Why do you have to be different? Tell her! Tell her how much you like the disco shirts and the back hair!"
[*Silence*]
UAM: "Tell her!"
[*Silence*]
UAM: "Tell her?"
[*Silence*]

END INTERCEPT

INTERCEPT THREE

LOCATION: MOSUL OUTSKIRTS, SMALL ONE-ROOM SHED
SOURCE: MOBILE SURVEILLANCE/ PARABOLIC
TIME: 18:29

Unidentified Younger Male: "How are you doing, Sir?"
Unidentified Older Male: "I am fine."
UYM: "Smoke? I mean, I could dash out for some cigs if you want."
UOM: "No. Stay right there, where I can see you."
UYM: "I'm serious, Sir, I'll be right back."
UOM: "I'm serious too. Sit down. Where I can see you."
UYM: "Pizza should be here soon, Sir."
UOM: "I don't want pizza anymore."
UYM: "Well, it's coming anyway."
UOM: "Three months ago, if you had spoken to me like that, I would have cut out your tongue and made you eat it, fried, with your own genitalia."
UYM: "Sor-reee."
UOM: "You know, what hurts the most isn't being removed from power and having my two sons shot like dogs. What hurts the most is that, ever since the Americans have been here, there's no respect anymore from the young people. It's like the minute the Americans entered Baghdad, good manners went out the window."
[*Rumbling noises, tank-turret sounds*]
UOM: "Is that the pizza guy?"
UYM: "Ummm . . . yeah. Could you get the door? I've suddenly remembered something in the basement I need to get."

END INTERCEPT

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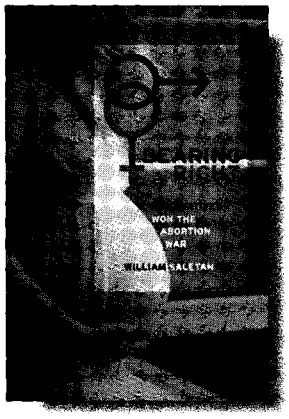
Some Victory



Bearing Right: How Conservatives Won the Abortion War,
by William Saletan
(California, 327 pp., $29.95)

RAMESH PONNURU

WILL SALETAN, a writer for *Slate* and a friend of mine, has written a thoughtful and engaging book on the politics of abortion. His analysis distinguishes between two kinds of "pro-choice" positions. What he calls the "conservative pro-choice" position grounds its support for legal abortion in the limits of government power and the autonomy of families. I assume that the liberal pro-choice position, which Saletan develops only by implication, is based on egalitarianism, feminism, and the empowerment of individuals.

Liberal pro-choice activists favor taxpayer subsidies to give low-income women access to abortion. Conservative pro-choice voters oppose such subsidies, as they want the government neither to hinder nor to aid women seeking abortions. Liberal pro-choicers oppose parental-consent laws because they violate the autonomy and bodily integrity of teenage girls. Conservative pro-choicers support those laws because they safeguard the autonomy of the family.

Saletan tells the story of how the organized pro-choice movement triumphed by appealing to the conservative pro-choice voters—and, in the process, sold its soul. His story begins in Arkansas in 1986. Opponents of abortion had placed a referendum on the ballot to ban taxpayer funding of abortion. The governor, one Bill Clinton, said he agreed with the initiative's "stated purpose." Pro-choice activists were able to beat the referendum, barely. They did it by running a deceptive campaign. Instead of defending taxpayer funding, they ran an ad falsely suggesting that the initiative would increase such funding.

They ran another ad pretending that the initiative would ban abortion. Its text: "Imagine. Your fourteen-year-old child, your own sweet daughter, is raped and pregnant. She's frightened, confused, and so are you. Imagine, too, the government says they'll make the decision. Never mind the circumstances. You, your doctor, your preacher, your daughter have no say in this personal, private tragedy. Don't let this bad dream become reality. Vote against Amendment 65."

With that ad, Saletan argues, the pro-choice movement took two right turns. By drawing attention to victims of rape, the movement implicitly treated other women's reasons for having abortions as less compelling. The movement was back to separating women deemed innocent and those deemed guilty. Second, pro-choicers had stopped emphasizing the decision-making authority of the pregnant woman. All of these other people—her family, church, and doctor—were in the mix, too. (Actually, there was another right turn: The ads against the initiative also argued that less abortion funding would mean more welfare spending.)

The next conservative pro-choice triumph was the defeat of Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court. His opponents hammered away at Bork's hostility to the "right to privacy" and even accused him of atheism. Support for Bork among conservative voters, and especially among Southern whites, plummeted. (Saletan sees a racial subtext to these voters' concern about government activism, as also to their concern about pregnancies resulting from rape.)

Soon after Bork's defeat came the election of Douglas Wilder as governor of Virginia on a pro-choice, anti-funding, pro-parental-consent platform. Pro-choice candidates who made those concessions put pro-lifers on the defensive, particularly those pro-lifers unwilling to make exceptions for rape. Wilder's election marked the start of a period, roughly coterminous with the first Bush presidency, during which the pro-choice movement was as politically strong as it has ever been.

But the limits of this strength became apparent early in Clinton's term. Pro-choicers' attempt to codify *Roe* v. *Wade* in a federal "Freedom of Choice Act" foundered on the funding and parental-consent issues. Pragmatic pro-lifers began to make headway by appealing to conservative pro-choice voters. Leading pro-lifers first quit trying to ban abortion in cases of rape and incest. Then they gave up on a ban altogether, concentrating instead on an incremental strategy of chipping away at abortion rights. Parental consent and a ban on partial-birth abortion topped their agenda. The pro-choice movement had secured a "right to abortion"—but defined in conservative terms.

For Saletan, the trouble with those terms is not just that they exclude taxpayer funding and teenagers' rights. The swing voters to whom both pro-lifers and pro-choicers have appealed are not primarily motivated by the woman's right to choose or the unborn child's right to life, but by "the rights . . . of husbands, parents, businesses, and taxpayers." Catering to their demands can generate results that are neither pro-life nor pro-choice—that threaten both women and children.

Saletan explores a series of cases in which what he calls "the right to choose life" has been threatened. Parents have

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tried to force their daughters to have abortions. Employers have sought to bar pregnant women, or women who could become pregnant, from certain jobs (for example, jobs involving lead exposure), leading to abortions and sterilizations. Politicians and judges have sought to implant Norplant, a contraceptive and abortifacient, in welfare recipients and criminals. In many places, welfare reformers have successfully imposed a "family cap": Where welfare recipients had previously seen their payments rise as they had more children, under the cap they did not rise. Many pro-lifers and liberal pro-choicers opposed the family cap as a form of governmental encouragement of abortion. Conservative pro-choicers did not object to it.

Pro-choice tactics have exacted another cost as well. Because it downplayed the importance of the pregnant woman's right and put all its energy into beating pro-lifers, the pro-choice movement got involved in fights it should have avoided. There was no need for pro-choice organizations to promote embryo-destroying stem-cell research, or to promote cloning to facilitate such research. These issues didn't involve women's control over their own bodies. The National Organization for Women came out for stem-cell research and cloning anyway.

Saletan is a sharp thinker and has a nice, clean writing style. His distinction between pro-choice conservatism and liberalism explains important features of the politics of abortion. There are indeed a great many middle-class voters who want to keep abortion legal because unwanted pregnancies are a threat to bourgeois family life. One might say, speaking bloodlessly, that these voters place order above liberty, equality, or justice. To put it in more human terms: Unplanned pregnancies are not part of their plans for their sons and daughters. This impulse is not entirely ignoble, even if Saletan makes no attempt to sympathize with it.

But Saletan's account leaves out a lot. It wasn't abortion-rights activists in Arkansas who drew a line between legal abortion and subsidized abortion. It was the federal courts that insisted on the former but not the latter. It isn't "conservative pro-choice voters" who have kept abortion legal in the third trimester. It's the courts. If Saletan were right, conservative pro-choicers would oppose bans on partial-birth abortion. Such prohibitions are a form of government activism; they regulate the conduct of adults as well as teens. But the conservative pro-choicers actually favor those bans. It's the courts that have blocked them. Some polls suggest that a small majority of the public is willing to ban all abortions with exceptions for rape, incest, and the life of the mother.

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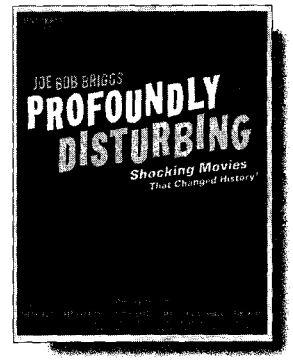
Saletan's book is curiously silent about the extent to which the courts have shaped and structured the debate about abortion. If voters recoil from proposals for taxpayer funding and from bans, it's in part because they require divisive political debate to enact. They are departures from the status quo—a status quo set by courts.

The courts, moreover, are still the place where resistance to strong parental-consent laws is mounted. The courts require, for example, that any parental-consent law include a provision for judges to bypass parents. Priscilla Owen, a Bush nominee to the federal bench, is being held up largely because the pro-choice lobby thinks she was too reluctant to take advantage of that loophole. Pro-choicers have not truly given up on parental consent.

Saletan believes that the pro-choice movement lost its way in the 1980s and '90s. Some of us, of course, think it lost its way at the very start. But would pro-choicers really be better off if they had followed his implicit advice? They might not have lost their souls, in his terms, if they had promoted abortions for teenage girls on the taxpayer's dime. They would have lost, period. Pro-choicers would have had to defend abortion as a good thing (at least in some tragic cases), and not just as something the law must tolerate. At no point in the last thirty years would that argument have sold. **NR**

Horror Show



Profoundly Disturbing: Shocking Movies That Changed History!, by Joe Bob Briggs (Universe, 256 pp., $24.95)

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

THE title is reassuringly lurid and the cover comfortingly nasty, but, on opening this book, anxious readers may worry that Joe Bob has left the drive-in. Now *that* would be profoundly disturbing. Author, journalist, cable-TV stalwart, and former NR columnist, Briggs overcame fictitious origins and nonexistent competition to become America's finest drive-in-movie critic. He saw *Nail Gun Massacre* and he watched *All Cheerleaders Die*. Who else could take on that sort of responsibility?

He is the Zagat of the Z-movie, the one indispensable guide for those who like slaughter, sex, and lethal household tools with their popcorn. He wallows in the movies that other critics flee. Ebert on *Shrunken Heads*? Silence. Kael on *Fury of the Succubus*? No comment. But Joe Bob was there for them both. He's funny, well informed, and succinct (*The Evil Dead* is "Spam in a cabin"), and he tells his audience what it needs to know (*Bloodsucking Freaks*: "pretty good fried-eyeball scene . . . 76 breasts . . . excellent midget sadism and dubbed

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

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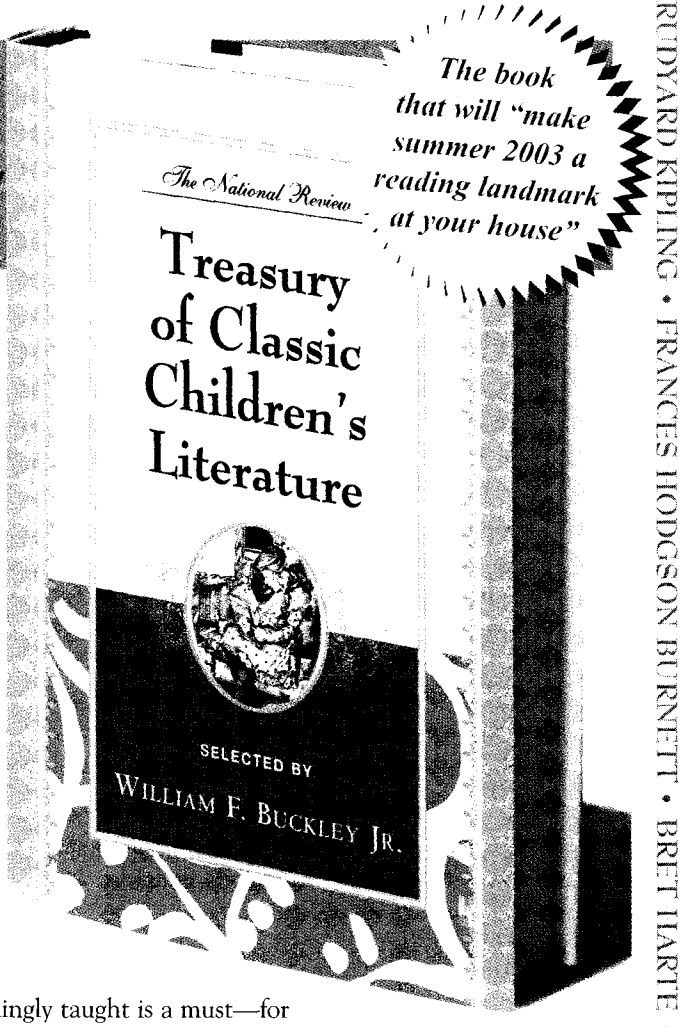

The book that will "make summer 2003 a reading landmark at your house"
The National Review
Treasury of Classic Children's Literature
SELECTED BY
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

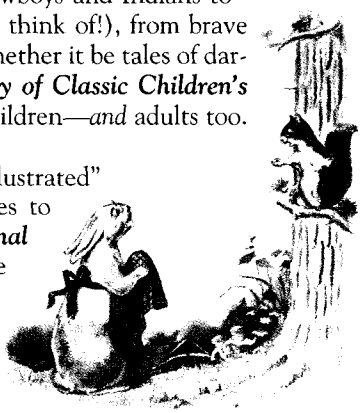
Just some of the critical praise for *The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature*

The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature is a new, unsurpassed collection of timeless works from great authors. This delightful 528-page book of wonderful stories and enchanting illustrations is something you will want for your family or personal library.

This special hardcover volume takes the lucky child who owns it on a most happy voyage, back to an innocent time when *St. Nicholas Magazine* lavished on America's youth superlative tales, fables, and adventures, written by the likes of Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Jack London, Louisa May Alcott, L. Frank Baum, Rudyard Kipling, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Bret Harte, and Thornton Burgess. William F. Buckley Jr. has personally selected—from our private *St. Nicholas* collection—dozens of these literary giants' most entertaining and wholesome works to comprise ***The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature***.

This veritable celebration of tales finely told and lessons charmingly taught is a must—for your children or grandchildren, for that beloved niece, nephew, or godchild, for that nice neighborhood kid, or for the local school library. From knights and pirates to fairies and princesses, from cowboys and Indians to giants and dwarfs, from beggars and angels to dogs and cats (and every other animal you can think of!), from brave young girls defending their country to intrepid young boys risking their lives to rescue others, whether it be tales of daring and action or silliness and sadness . . . or even saintliness, ***The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature*** offers a wide array of stories that will interest and entertain and cheer any and all children—*and* adults too.

But don't take our word for it. "Beautiful," "wonderful," and "lavishly illustrated" are just some of the words the respected *Catholic Parent* magazine uses to describe this very special book. *CP*'s critic raves, calling ***The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature*** "excellent, wholesome and certain to broaden the horizons (mental and spiritual) of children and adults," and a "beautiful book of wonderful stories that will delight, entertain and nourish your youngsters and teenagers." And we can't help but love this: ***The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature*** will "make summer 2003 a reading landmark at your house."



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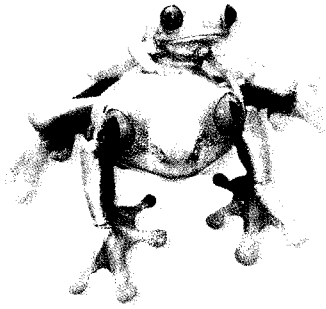


Panama Canal Cruise

Sailing November 8–18 aboard Holland America's MS *Rotterdam* with

RICHARD ALLEN, RALPH REED, NORMAN PODHORETZ, MIDGE DECTER, STEPHEN MOORE, BRENT BOZELL, JONAH GOLDBERG, KATE O'BEIRNE, RICH LOWRY, BYRON YORK, JAY NORDLINGER, RAMESH PONNURU, and REV. ROBERT SIRICO!

Here's your special opportunity to take part in one of the most exciting seafaring adventures you will ever experience: the ***National Review* 2003 Panama Canal Cruise.** Featuring an incredible cast of conservative speakers—and *affordable* accommodations—this trip will take place November 8–18, 2003, aboard Holland America Line's stunning flagship, the MS *Rotterdam*.

This is a *unique* opportunity to meet preeminent conservatives: "Definites" for this voyage are former Reagan National Security Advisor **Richard Allen**; renowned social commentators **Norman Podhoretz** and **Midge Decter**; Republican strategist supreme **Ralph Reed**; Media Research Center chief **Brent Bozell**, the scourge of the Fourth Estate; and the tax-cutting champion founder of the Club for Growth, *NR* Contributing Editor **Stephen Moore**, and Rev. **Robert Sirico,** the influential founder and president of the free-market Acton Institute for the Study of Religion and Liberty.

The *NR* "gang"—Editor **Rich Lowry**, Washington Editor **Kate O'Beirne**, Senior Editor **Ramesh Ponnuru**, Managing Editor **Jay Nordlinger**, White House Correspondent **Byron York**, and National Review Online Editor-at-Large **Jonah Goldberg**—will be along for the ten luxurious days of political shop-talk, conservative revelry, and world-class cruising.

Some 300-plus *NR* readers—make certain you're one of them!—are expected to take this wonderful trip, which will sojourn through the sun-drenched Southern Caribbean, where the *Rotterdam* will be visiting the lovely tropical ports of Aruba and Curacao (and Holland America's beautiful private island, Half Moon Cay), and after stopping at the *muy* historic port of Cartagena, Columbia (a new addition to our itinerary!), head on to the Isthmus's famed modern marvel (we'll pass through the Canal with inches to spare—it's a fascinating experience!), all of which will be followed by a lengthy visit to stunning Costa Rica. It is sure to be a great trip, *and* one of the most affordable *NR* voyages ever. Prices start at an *incredibly* low $2,199 per person (which includes those costly "standard" charges)!

For those of you who've *wanted* to go on an *NR* cruise, but *haven't* yet, consider this: Over half of our group are *NR* cruise "alumni." (Indeed, the typical *NR* cruiser has been on an average of three trips!) They keep "coming back" for a simple reason: *NR* cruises are great. It's time you discovered this wonderful fact for yourself.

An *NR* cruise is your unique chance to meet and intimately discuss politics and policy with some of the giants of conservative affairs. Our exciting seminars—we've scheduled seven panel sessions (they're two hours each)—allow for ample audience "Q & A," and provide a scintillating take on current events.

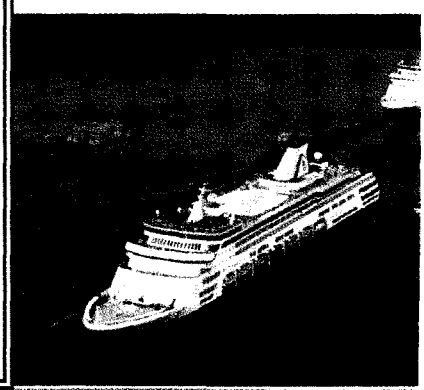
And then there are *NR*'s exclusive "extras." In addition to the seminars, we have *three* cocktail receptions planned (super affairs featuring great food and libations), *two* late-night poolside "smokers" (with world-class **H. Upmann** cigars—*and* complimentary cognac!), *plus* intimate dining with speakers and editors.

TEN FANTASTIC DAYS! HISTORIC CARTAGENA VISIT JUST ADDED!

DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENT
Sat./Nov. 8	Ft. Lauderdale, FL		5:00PM	
Sun./Nov. 9	Half Moon Cay (Bahamas)	8:00AM	4:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Mon./Nov. 10	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night poolside smoker
Tues./Nov. 11	Willemstad, Curacao	Noon	10:00PM	morning seminar
Wed./Nov. 12	Oranjestad, Aruba	7:00AM	6:00PM	
Thur./Nov. 13	Cartagena, Columbia	Noon	6:00PM	morning seminar evening cocktail reception
Fri./Nov. 14	Panama Canal Gatun Lake	9:00AM	4:00PM	
Sat./Nov. 15	Puerto Limon, Costa Rica	6:00AM	6:00PM	late-night poolside smoker
Sun./Nov. 16	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars
Mon./Nov. 17	AT SEA			morning seminar evening cocktail reception
Tues./Nov. 18	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	8:00AM		

All *that* will occur on a *great* ship: The *Rotterdam* is one of the more beloved vessels of Holland America Line (which readers of *Travel & Leisure* last year voted the world's Highest-Rated Premium Cruise Line!).

You'll find the *Rotterdam*'s accommodations (elegant staterooms and glamorous public spaces) to be truly luxurious, and matched by the indulgent, courteous staff, superior cuisine, and top-notch entertainment and excursions.



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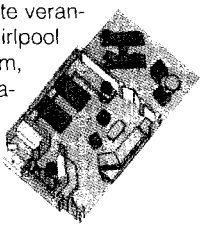
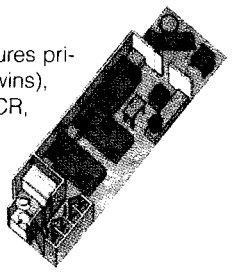
Travel experts agree: Holland America Line offers high-valued premium cruising. Superior service, gourmet cuisine, elegant accommodations, and great entertainment await you on the beautiful *Rotterdam*. Prices are per-person, based on double occupancy, and include port fees, taxes, gratuities, transfers (for those booking airfare through HAL), all meals, entertainment, and admittance to and participation in all *National Review* functions. Rates for third/fourth person in cabin: $1,248 p/p for ages 2 and older, $840 p/p for children younger than 2.

SUITE Luxury quarters (563 sq. ft.) features private verandah, king-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), whirlpool bath/shower, floor-to-ceiling windows, dressing room, large sitting area, sofa bed, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, concierge service, complimentary personalized stationery, hors d'oeuvres, dry cleaning, and more, plus special disembarkation privileges.



Category S
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,999 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 6,999

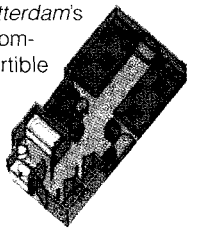
MINI SUITE Large stateroom (284 sq. ft.) features private verandah, king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), sofa bed, whirlpool bath/shower, sitting area, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, floor-to-ceiling windows.



Categories A and B
"A" DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,599 P/P
"A" SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,999

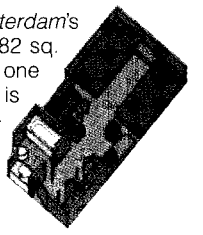
"B" DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,499 P/P
"B" SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,899

LARGE OUTSIDE STATEROOM The *Rotterdam*'s large "Outside Staterooms" (197 sq. ft.) are comfortable and feature a queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), a large picture window, plus bath/shower combination.



Category D
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,699 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,499

LARGE INSIDE STATEROOM The *Rotterdam*'s very accommodating "Inside Staterooms," (182 sq. ft.) offer 2 twin beds that are convertible to one queen-size bed, plus a bath with shower. This is a very affordable category designed to provide you with maximum comfort.



Category K
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SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,999

You'll want to join us for the exciting political discussions, the luxurious cruise experience, and the rest and relaxation you so richly deserve. *And* for the great destinations and balmy itinerary:

HALF MOON CAY: A delightful spot with white beaches and a sparkling blue lagoon. Go on: Relax on a hammock while you sip a delightful concoction—*after* a sumptuous barbeque feast!

CURACAO: Willemstad is warm and inviting, a Dutch enclave known for its rows of charming pastel-colored houses and its famed Floating Market. Scuba and snorkeling enthusiasts will revel in the renowned Underwater Marine Park.

ARUBA: The *Rotterdam* will spend a pleasant day in Oranjestad—explore Nassaustraat, brimming with quaint shops. Water sports abound: snorkeling, rides on glass bottom boats and submarines. Or venture into the countryside to see the haunts of the huge green parakeet, the unique rock gardens of Casi Bari, the curious divi divi tree, forever bending in the tradewind breezes.

CARTAGENA: The New World's oldest city—a new addition to our itinerary!—awaits in all its historic and vibrant splendor. Visit the Old Walled City, or the San Felipe fotress which once guarded the famed Spanish Main's gold and silver shipments, or Bocagrande, where the emeralds still gleam. Excursions abound!

GATUN LAKE: After traveling through the Eighth Wonder of the World, the *Rotterdam* will stop at this huge, man-made lake. Numerous excursions (a visit to Panama City, or a tour of the real "inner workings" of the Canal system) await you.

COSTA RICA: A full twelve-hour stop at Puerto Limon affords you the special opportunity to tour rainforests, tropical flower farms, or even to ride a Mawamba boat through the jungle canals. The more adventurous can white-water raft down spectacular rivers, or stroll through the markets bursting with color in San Jose.

Hundred of *NR* readers have already signed up to enjoy ten of the most fun-filled days any conservative could ever experience. Join them: Just fill out the application form on the following page, and return it ASAP by mail or fax. Cabins are available on a first come, first served basi, but there's one to fit everyone's taste and budget (FYI: "Suites" are limited). You'll also find pricing on Holland America's affordable "Fly Cruise" airfare program.

Take part in a truly special conservative event. Join us this November on the *Rotterdam*, in the company of **Richard Allen, Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Ralph Reed, Brent Bozell, Stephen Moore,** Rev. **Robert Sirico, Rich Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, Ramesh Ponnuru, Jay Nordlinger, Byron York,** and **Jonah Goldberg,** on the ***National Review* 2003 Panama Canal Cruise.**

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The National Review 2003 Panama Canal Cruise Application

Mail to: National Review Cruise, The Cruise Authority, 1307 Powers Ferry Rd., Marietta, GA 30067-5409 or Fax to 770-916-1425

Please fill out application completely and mail with deposit check or fax with credit-card information. One application per cabin. If you want more than one cabin, make copies of this application. For questions call The Cruise Authority at 800-707-1634.

Personal

Shirt size (M/L/XL)

Name #1 (full legal name) + Nickname

Shirt size (M/L/XL)

Name #2 (full legal name) + Nickname

Names #3 & #4 (if taking others in your cabin)

Street Mailing Address

( )

City State ZIP

Daytime Phone

Special Information (medical conditions, celebrating anniversary, etc.)

Payment

A deposit of $1,200 per cabin is due with this application. If paid by credit card, balance will be charged to *same* card on 8/8/03 unless otherwise directed. If application is received after 8/8/03, the full amount of cruise will be charged. Cabins and categories are available on a first come, first served basis. *Suites are limited!*

☐ My deposit of $1,200 per stateroom is included.
(Make checks payable to "National Review Cruise")

☐ Charge to: AmEx ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiration Date (Month) ☐☐ (Year) ☐☐

Authorized Signature of Cardholder/Guest

Information and price quote on Cancellation Fee Waiver/Medical Insurance will accompany your statement. Cancellation Penalty Schedule follows (cancellations must be received in writing by the date indicated):

PRIOR *to June 9, 2003*	*$75 per person*	
June 9, 2003 to Augus 8, 2003	*$600 per person*	
AFTER *August 8, 2003*	*100% of cruise/package*	04/08/NR

Cruise

(All rates are per person, double occupancy, and include all port charges and taxes, all gratuities, meals, entertainment, and *National Review* activities. Cruise-only rates include all of above except airfare and transfers. Failure to appear for embarkation for any reason constitutes a cancellation subject to full penalties. Personal items not included.)

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPLICABLE BOXES!

I. CABIN CATEGORY *(see list and prices on previous page)*

First cabin category choice:_____ Second cabin category choice:_____

Bedding: Beds made up as ☐ Twin ☐ King/Queen

BOOKING SINGLE? ☐ Please try to match me with a roommate. (My age: ____)

II. AIR/TRANSFER PACKAGES

☐ We will provide our own roundtrip air and transfers to and from Ft. Lauderdale.
☐ Include air with our package from _____ (see list below).
☐ We need to purchase transfers from the airport to the ship at $24 per person.

III. GENERAL INFORMATION

CITIZENSHIP: Is everyone a U.S. citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No
If No, indicate citizenship: _____
DINING: I wish to dine with _____

DINNER: ☐ 8:15PM ☐ 6:15PM (conflicts with dining with speakers/events)

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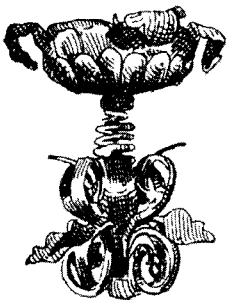
moaning"). If Joe Bob tells you to "check it out," that's what you do.

And when, as a result, you are watching man-eating giant rats starting their gory feast (*Gnaw*), you will still be laughing at the memory of what Joe Bob had to say. Yes, he both subverts and celebrates these films, but who cares? It's better to lighten up, grab a beer, and just see Joe Bob as someone who delights in rummaging through cinema's trash heap and telling us what he's found.

He does this brilliantly, in a style—Hazzard County, with a touch of *Cahiers du Cinema*—that is all his own; but, after all these years, is the drive-in still enough for Mr. Briggs? Joe Bob's Jekyll, the erudite and rather more suave "John Bloom," has been developing a journalistic career of his own, while Joe Bob himself has been spotted on stage and screen, and in the pages of *Maximum Golf* magazine; can the country club be far behind?

In spite of this, it's still startling to find that Briggs chose *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* as the first movie to discuss in his new book. The fact that it's foreign isn't the problem. Joe Bob has written about plenty of foreign films; they usually feature kickboxing, kung fu, gratuitous violence, more kickboxing, incomprehensible dialogue, overchoreographed fight scenes, and the exploitation of attractive young actresses who manage to lose their clothes and their lives in the course of the movie. They are, in short, identical in almost every respect to the domestic offerings he reviews.

Caligari is different. Yes, it's a horror movie, but it's a coffee-on-the-Left-Bank, furrowed-brow unfiltered cigarette of a horror movie and, like a number of the other films described in this book, it's far from typical territory for the sage of the slasher pic. It's a German expressionist masterpiece from 1919, an allegory of totalitarianism often thought to have anticipated the Nazi terror to come. There are no nunchucks in *Caligari*. Still, there's more than an echo of the drive-in in the irreverent glee with which Joe Bob penetrates the Teutonic gloom. All too often, *Caligari* is shown with a melodramatic "silent movie" musical backdrop, rather than the modernist score envisaged by its makers. Perhaps worse still, it has also been relentlessly over-analyzed by film highbrows. To Joe Bob, this is like "trying to watch *Schindler's List* with 'Turkey in the Straw' playing in the background and a professor pointing out every shaft of light as a pivotal moment in German Expressionism."



Caligari is, Briggs argues, a film that "changed history," but in this book that can mean less than you might think. The movies in *Profoundly Disturbing* may all "have been banned, censored, condemned, or despised" at one time or another, but some of them wouldn't change the course of an afternoon, let alone history.

Perhaps this is why Joe Bob is careful to stress that, in a number of cases, the only history that has been changed is *cinema* history. How the films he discusses relate to the broader cultural picture is complex: Did a movie influence the culture, merely reflect it, or a bit of both? As he tries to find an answer to this question, quality can be irrelevant. *Deep Throat* is a terrible film even on its own terms, but somehow it managed to help shape the *Ice Storm* era and thus had much greater cultural impact than the far more artistically significant *Caligari*. *Caligari* may have warned Germans about the dangers of totalitarianism, but little more than ten years later Hitler was in power.

The movies discussed in Joe Bob Briggs's book are the successors of the freak show, the circus, and old-time burlesque.

If *Profoundly Disturbing* doesn't always convince us that the movies it describes "changed history," it is, nonetheless, a hugely entertaining account of the frequently bizarre way they came to be made. Some of these films were made by people operating at the creative edge (the art director of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was, we learn, able "to indulge his lifelong fascination with animal bones") while others were manufactured by those who had hit artistic rock-bottom (*Linda Lovelace for President*) and didn't care. This is a cinema of desperate improvisation (the night before the "classic tongue-ripping scene" in *Blood Feast*, the victim still hadn't been cast) and even more desperate finances.

And then there's *Mom and Dad* (1947), a "sex education" movie that circulated for over 20 years through small-town America. This cautionary tale of the dangers of premarital naughtiness included footage of a live birth and hideous syphilitic sores. It grossed an estimated $100 million. Showings came complete with two women in nurse's outfits and a 20-minute lecture by "Elliot Forbes," an "eminent sexual hygiene commentator." At one point there were no fewer than 26 Elliot Forbeses, "most of them retired or underemployed vaudeville comedians."

If this all sounds like a carny stunt, it's because it was. *Profoundly Disturbing* includes a good number of more "serious" films (and Briggs writes about them very well), but the movies that make up its sleazy, captivating core are the successors of the freak show, the circus, and old-time burlesque. As told with gusto by an author obviously far from ready to quit the drive-in (whew!), theirs is a story of that wild, ludicrously optimistic entrepreneurial spirit that is, somehow, very typically American. Combine those hucksters, visionaries, and madmen with the dreams of a restless, somewhat deracinated population spreading across a continent and we begin to understand how this country's popular culture became the liveliest in the world—if not always the most elevated. Mencken was right: No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public.

Why so much of that taste revolves around mayhem and gore (that sex has box-office appeal is no surprise) is a mystery beyond the scope of *Profoundly Disturbing*. Suffice to say that it does, and the result is a book that blends fascinating pop-culture history, first-rate film criticism, and learned commentary on the stunt-vomit in *The Exorcist*.

Check it out. **NR**

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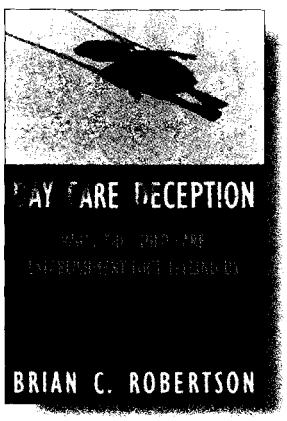
The Kids Aren't Alright



Day Care Deception: What the Child Care Establishment Isn't Telling Us, by Brian C. Robertson (Encounter, 280 pp., $25.95)

KATE O'BEIRNE

THE debate over day care is not over; in fact, it never happened. Convincing evidence has demonstrated that day care is harmful to children, and that toddlers are better off at home than in group care—but, owing to decades of liberal deceit, censorship, and hypocrisy, there has never been an honest discussion of this issue. This maddening tale is the subject of Brian C. Robertson's well-researched new exposé.

Robertson's determination to confront the child-care establishment with hard facts is certainly matched by the depth of commitment of the villains in his story: The "day care deception" is one project that finds liberals arguing to boost the profits of big business, expand tax cuts for the rich, and sabotage women's choices.

From its earliest days, the feminist movement was on a collision course with what was widely known to be true about the crucial relationship between mother and child. To her credit, Simone de Beauvoir confronted this problem honestly when she argued that "women should not have that choice [to stay home], precisely because if there is such a choice, too many women will make that one."

Cultural and economic forces had to be marshaled to convince mothers that they shouldn't rely on husbands for support while sacrificing their careers to care for children at home. Because the needs of small children are irreconcilable with the demands of women's liberation, they would be the littlest casualties in the battle for equal rights.

In this effort, feminists—and a commercial day-care industry now worth $36 billion a year—have been wildly successful. Today, 63 percent of preschoolers are in regular child-care arrangements other than with their mother at home. More than half of this child-care population spends 35 hours or more a week in substitute care. In 1995, the number of preschool children cared for in organized facilities outnumbered, for the first time on record, those cared for by babysitters in the home or in family-run day care.

Robertson details the consistent research findings showing that day care is physically and emotionally harmful—but only a few brave experts are willing to risk the wrath of the establishment by talking about this evidence. One of them is Dr. Burton White, a leading expert on the first three years of life, who continues to plead with mothers not to delegate the care of their children to anyone else in the early years because "babies form their first human attachment only once." More typical is Dr. Benjamin Spock, who, after flatly informing 1950s mothers that day nurseries are "no good for infants," deleted this advice from 1990s editions of his manual because it made working mothers feel guilty (and to no avail, because they were headed to work anyway). Spock himself admitted: "It's a cowardly thing that I did; I just tossed it in subsequent editions."

In 1977, researcher Selma Fraiberg argued that even high-quality day care is harmful because it prevents children from forming the healthy attachment to one caregiver that allows them, in turn, to form lasting commitments as adults. Her book, *Every Child's Birthright*, was attacked for promoting an agenda that was off-message for the feminist project. But the bad news kept coming. That same year, the disappointing results were in on a pilot program at Yale University designed to provide the optimal day-care setting. The researchers concluded: "Group care, even under the best circumstances, is stressful for very young children." Seemingly every year since has brought fresh evidence about the negative effects of day care on young children; by 1991, one social scientist was revealing a most unscientific frame of mind by angrily declaring that "psychologists must refuse to undertake any more research that looks for the negative consequences of other-than-mother care."

Because mothers of young children working outside the home are an immutable "fact" of modern life, feminists have had to be creative. They have dreamed up theories about the speed-bonding that can take place between mothers and babies in mere days, and have argued (with no supporting evidence) that children cared for by their mothers alone are disadvantaged. Following the feminists' lead, media coverage generally ignores the majority of the evidence and focuses instead on the happier study results found in advocacy articles. When a comprehensive government-funded study clearly showed that longer hours in non-maternal care correlated with behavior problems, it was argued that such problems weren't actually problems at all. After all, *Time* magazine pointed out, demanding attention is a "healthy skill to develop if you are in a room with 16 other kids." One editorial argued that an aggressive kindergartener might grow up to be an aggressive CEO rather than a mere bully.

Brian Robertson spends some quality time researching the researchers. Dr. Sandra Scarr, one of the most influential day-care researchers, has published four books and over 200 articles that amount to a massive corpus of propaganda. She argues that babies have no

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particular need for their biological mothers, that they flourish by having numerous caregivers, and that the maternal instinct is the result of cultural conditioning. She has been on the faculties of Penn, Yale, and the University of Virginia; in a conflict of interest that wouldn't be tolerated in any other field, she has also served on the board of directors of the largest day-care chain in the country, where she became CEO while also serving as president of the American Psychological Society.

The only question Brian Robertson leaves unanswered is exactly who has been deceived. The guilt that daily accompanies working mothers to the office is explained by polls that consistently show that even dual-career couples believe children are better off if cared for by a mother at home. Despite the best efforts of the child-care establishment, it appears that mothers and fathers continue to know best. It's government policymakers who know so little. NR

Focus on Evil

Talk of the Devil: Encounters with Seven Dictators, by Riccardo Orizio (Walker & Co., 224 pp., $24)

STEVEN MENASHI

RICHARD NIXON, in the throes of Watergate, received a telegram from Ugandan dictator Idi Amin: "If your country does not understand you, come to Papa Amin who loves you. A kiss on both your cheeks." Amin also dispatched telegrams to Queen Elizabeth—he called her "Liz"—inviting her to visit Uganda "if she wanted to meet a real man." Perversely, mass murderers often become figures of fun. Who can help but chuckle upon reading, in Riccardo Orizio's *Talk of the Devil*, that Jean-Bedel Bokassa crowned himself Emperor of Central Africa with a ceremony at the Palais des Sports Jean-Bedel Bokassa, on Bokassa Avenue, next to the Jean-Bedel Bokassa University? Living at a safe distance, we can afford a macabre laugh or two. Such figures even become familiar popular icons. College sophomores and trendy urbanites wear Che Guevara T-shirts and decorate their rooms with Mao posters. Saddam Hussein's information minister has lately been transformed into a doll that says "There are no American infidels in Baghdad" when you pull the string on his back. It turns out that we experience evil not so much as banality but as kitsch.

Orizio, an Italian journalist, evinces a similar fascination with tyranny. For years, he kept newspaper clippings about fallen dictators in his wallet (one

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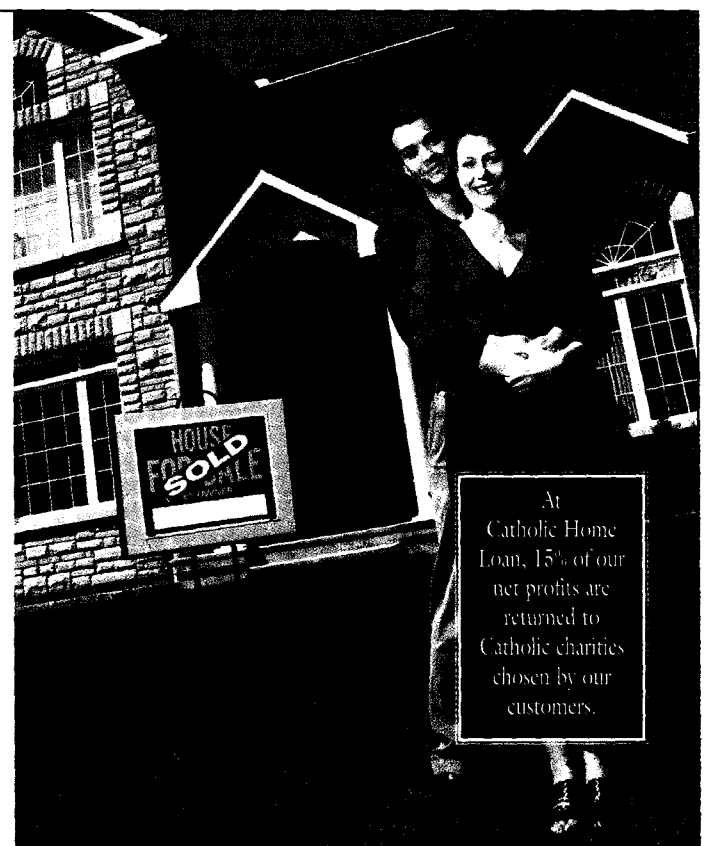
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was entitled "Former Uganda Dictator Goes Shopping in the Frozen Food Aisle"), and they eventually served as a springboard for the writing of *Talk of the Devil*. Early in the book—a chronicle of his attempts to track down ex-dictators and interview them—Orizio expresses some solemnity regarding his project. "I do not even know whether we can forgive them," he writes. "We can only study them." But thereafter he tends to fall into the trap of the college student clutching a Mao lighter, treating his subjects as curiosities to be gawked at rather than feared.

This makes for compelling reading, to be sure: There is a strange allure in the spectacle of tyranny, and especially in that of an infamous ruler reduced to pedestrian life. Thus we are interested to find Valentine Strasser, once the feared dictator of Sierra Leone, living homeless in London. We're fascinated that Nexhmije Hoxha, widow of the Albanian dictator Enver Hoxha, survives as an old, frail woman who dresses "like the principal of a girls' college" and lives alone, sputtering Stalinist platitudes to anyone who bothers to listen. And when Bokassa stands up in his dilapidated villa and declares himself the "thirteenth apostle of Holy Mother Church," we smile at his lunacy. Hard as it may be to believe that many Haitians regard Papa Doc Duvalier as a divine being, his revision of the Lord's Prayer ("Our Doc, who art in the National Palace for life . . . forgive not the trespasses of those anti-patriots who daily spit upon our country") is worthy of Twain. It is as if these dictators, like the gaudy monuments and propaganda art with which they littered their countries, have themselves become specimens of kitsch: ostentatious displays that enchant onlookers precisely because they appear so outlandish and unreal.

Yet the fact is that these individuals terrorized whole nations and massacred millions, and this book does little to help us understand how that happened. It doesn't help, of course, that when the dictators themselves open their mouths, they invariably disappoint. "I deliberately chose those who had fallen from power in disgrace," Orizio explains, "because those who fall on their feet tend not to examine their own conscience." Yet, far from engaging in soul-searching, these failed rulers are single-mindedly intent on clearing their names. "The so-called genocide was nothing more than a just war in defense of the revolution and a system from which all have benefited," protests Ethiopia's Mengistu Haile Mariam, who massacred 500,000 in his Red Terror Campaign. "I'm proud of what my father and I did for Haiti," insists Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier. Nexhmije Hoxha has no regrets: "A state has to defend itself from those who plot against it," she explains. "Perhaps the abolition of religion was excessive," she concedes.

All seven tyrants profiled by Orizio offer the same self-serving whitewash. But what else was to be expected? Orizio himself repeatedly describes his subjects as having spent their lives "in a fantasy world." These are people—ideologues all—who sought forcibly to remake their nations according to some revolutionary vision. No one should be surprised to find them still in thrall to an imagined ideal. Typically, it was the dictators' inability to see the world as it actually is that led to their downfall. Idi Amin, Orizio recounts, ordered his army to invade Tanzania as a preparatory exercise for his planned conquest of South Africa. The Tanzanians responded by invading Uganda and ousting him. Successful tyrants might at least have some experience of living in actual reality on which to reflect; Orizio's disgraced, fallen dictators have nothing but their own illusions.

As the book begins, Orizio suggests that studying such tyrants "will help us to reach a greater understanding of ourselves." Understandably, he never delivers on this promise. His subjects are too manifestly delusional, too shameless; furthermore, their offenses are too unconscionable to deserve any compassionate treatment. Orizio indeed maintains a safe distance, choosing righteous condemnation over sympathy or understanding. In the book's narrative, Amin becomes a "monster" and "a true African Caligula." Hoxha is the "Black Widow" and "Lady Macbeth." Mira Milosevic "grimaces" and speaks with her husband Slobodan in juvenile baby-talk—just as they did while driving Yugoslavia toward "wars, ruined cities, and corpses thrown in mass graves." In his preface, Orizio quotes the actor Ian McKellen as saying that "people who do terrible things . . . are all too human," but Orizio himself never really accepts this. These people, he discovers, are not similar to us at all. Looking at the face of evil leaves him not introspective, but horror-struck.

Only fleetingly in this book does one catch a glimpse of the

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Some things can be changed. Not yesterday
And not your leaving me. I'll dye my hair.
This blonde is too much yours for me today:

Too long and sentimental, unaware.
The insistent "if" of blonde, and "then,"
And not "you're leaving me." I'll dye my hair,

Until it's black as yours, and then again.
I'll dye until it's red or grey, to drown
The insistent "if" of blonde, and then

Your words becoming tied to hers, the sound
Of lovers' voices. Should be mine with yours.
I'll dye until it's red or grey, to drown

The echo of your whispers on my shoulders,
Saturate the swish of my own heart,
Of lovers' voices. Should be mine with yours

Tangled up for days, not torn apart.
Some things can be changed. Not yesterday,
Not your leaving, not the hardest part.
This blonde is too much yours for me today.

—CHRYSS YOST

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political talent—a mixture of cunning and intelligence—that anyone able to rise to such a position must possess. Out of nowhere, one of the dictators says something sensible or insightful, only to lose himself again in conspiracy theories and delusions of grandeur. It becomes apparent that any acumen these tyrants might possess is lost amid a frenzy of reckless obsessions. When in power, they drink ("When he was drunk he used to beat us up," complained Mengistu's bodyguards) and throw grossly lavish parties. Above all, however, they are endlessly dissatisfied with a world that has failed to live up to their dreams.

That uncompromising idealism may explain the appeal of a figure like Che Guevara among Western youth who are not themselves violent revolutionaries. This passion exerts a certain appeal. Yet if we should find ourselves ever so slightly seduced by it, this should serve to remind us that the devil, after all, is a fallen angel. **NR**

Tidal Wave

Mexifornia: A State of Becoming, by Victor Davis Hanson (Encounter, 150 pp., $21.95)

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON is a man of many parts. For five grim years he and his brothers did their best to make a profit growing grapes to dry and sell to Sun-Maid. When the California raisin industry went belly-up in 1983, Hanson returned to an old interest of his: the classics. In 1984 he founded a classics program at California State University in Fresno, where he taught the subject for nearly 20 years. He also began turning out books—among them *The Western Way of War* (1989), on ancient Greek infantrymen.

Mr. Rusher, a former publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, is a syndicated columnist.

Then in 1998 Hanson stunned the small field of classical scholars with *Who Killed Homer? The Demise of Classical Education and the Recovery of Greek Wisdom* (co-authored with John Heath). The book suggested that the culprits were the people teaching the subject, most of whom, the authors charged, were awash in such modern academic aberrations as multiculturalism. The field of classics is still reeling from that one.

But it wasn't until 9/11 that Hanson swam into the consciousness of most literate Americans. Immediately thereafter he became ubiquitous, proclaiming America's military and moral strength in exhilarating articles (some for NATIONAL REVIEW). He quickly became the favorite military commentator and historian of America's conservatives.

But this author of a dozen books is far from ready to accept categorization as a military specialist. The latest book to

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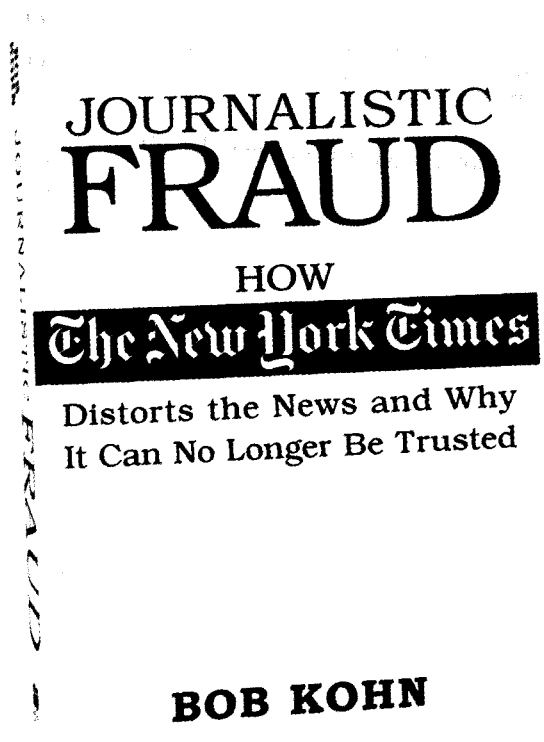

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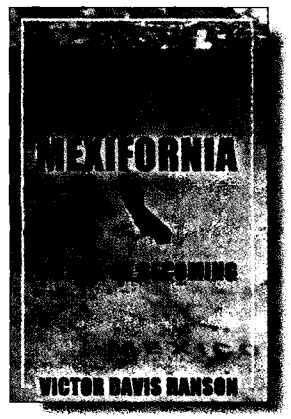
issue from his smoking PC is *Mexifornia: A State of Becoming*. It is a deeply informed study of the impact of Mexican immigration on the U.S., and it will make you reflect wisely and soberly on the problems this influx is causing.

Hanson is a fifth-generation Californian from Selma, a small town not far from Fresno in the state's great Central Valley. He has watched Selma change from "a sleepy little town . . . of seven thousand or so mostly hardscrabble agrarians" into "an edge city on the freeway of somewhere near twenty thousand anonymous souls, . . . almost entirely because of massive and mostly illegal immigration." The sociological impact has been enormous.

Hanson begins by asking, "What is so different about Mexican immigration?" America is, after all, a nation of immigrants. Part of the answer is simple proximity. Unlike immigrants from nations far away, Mexicans feel relatively little pressure to assimilate to the older American culture. They "migrate by simply walking across a porous border, steadily replenishing the Hispanic community in the United States with fresh aliens who strengthen ties with the world south of the border. Consequently, even after twenty years, 8 out of 10 never become naturalized American citizens."

At the same time, "very few wish to live as they did in Mexico . . . to be a Mexican in Mexico rather than a Mexican in California." And who can blame them? Mexico's rapacious elites have done next to nothing for its impoverished masses, preferring to export them to the U.S. Small wonder that "at present rates of birth and immigration, by 2050 there will be 97 million Hispanics who will constitute one-quarter of all Americans."

Hanson's second chapter is a fascinating look at "the universe of the illegal alien." In the southwestern U.S., "almost any physical labor that requires little skill or education but a great deal of physical strength and stamina and some courage, and that pays only a little over the minimum wage is now done by people born in Mexico." Such people suffer from grim conditions far less familiar to relatively affluent American whites: Mexican gangsters, alcohol, venereal diseases, tuberculosis, drugs. And yet, "an unskilled laborer from the Sierra Madre is lucky to make $25 a week; in California he can easily earn nearly $10 an hour and often more." So he labors on, dreaming of returning to Mexico a rich man.



But somehow he almost never permanently returns. American medicine, education, and much else are placed, free of charge, at his feet by our bountiful society. Soon "the immigrant senses that—whether out of altruism, guilt, or coercion—the crazy gringos in America treat him better than his beloved amigos in Mexico." Ultimately, to be sure, envy of the even greater wealth and status of white Americans will sour his outlook. And Americans, in return, will think less of him, as age robs him of his youthful strength and vigor.

Subsequent chapters analyze the problem from other perspectives. The old assimilationist model, under which Mexican immigrants were quickly forced to learn English and given a civic education that insisted on the traditional values of American society, worked remarkably well as long as the number of immigrants being absorbed was manageable—and, even more important, as long as America itself retained faith in those values. But today our schools are in thrall to multiculturalism, and apologize abjectly for America's supposed historical failures. The immigrant student is assured that the culture from which he sprang is at least the equal, if not the superior, of that to which he has immigrated.

The immigrant student today is assured that the culture from which he sprang is at least the equal, if not the superior, of ours.

As a result, "we are left with one of the last great absurdities among the bankrupt ideologies and worldviews of the twentieth century: the present-day efforts of well-heeled elites and comfortable middle-class white teachers and bureaucrats to provide to immigrants desperate to become part of the United States every reason why they should hold themselves separate and not commit themselves to the new world they have discovered." To be sure, at a certain low level the ubiquitous American pop culture tends to overwhelm all other influences, and unite white Americans and Mexicans, and for that matter blacks and Asians. But it is hard to believe that "this glitzy culture [of] charm and athleticism, looks and pizzazz" can effectively replace either its American or its Mexican predecessors.

Hanson discusses a number of possible scenarios for California's future. One is a continuation of the current mass immigration, with its supreme advantage of cheap labor, but with a much bigger effort at assimilation—and, 50 years hence, a state with more than 60 or 70 million people, two-thirds of them of Mexican heritage, but most of them thoroughly Americanized. Another scenario is a quasi-militarized border, with sharply reduced immigration—and a still-dominant white population, forced to do far more of its own dirty work. A third scenario—one that would become reality if we kept the borders open but abandoned assimilation outright—is a truly "hybrid civilization," with appalling social consequences: endemic poverty, eroding schools, soaring crime.

Hanson himself suggests a fourth approach: "sweeping restrictions on immigration" combined with an end to multicultural separatism. He claims that under his proposed solution, "our present problems would vanish almost immediately, while prices for wage labor would steadily escalate."

But one senses that he is hoping against hope. American business is too greedy for cheap labor, and liberals too greedy for more manipulable voters, to allow the inundation of Mexicans to halt. It will continue until America as we have known it is transformed into something altogether different. Not worse, necessarily, but different. When that day comes, I hope we will not pretend that we were caught by surprise. **NR**

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■ SHELF LIFE ■

The Reagan Way

MICHAEL POTEMRA

Of the making of books about Ronald Reagan there is indeed no end, but the very newest one offers genuinely surprising delights. *How Ronald Reagan Changed My Life* (ReganBooks, 263 pp., $24.95) offers reflections on Reagan by Peter Robinson, who is an engaging and candid writer. He was a White House speechwriter for Reagan, and will be fondly remembered by history for his authorship of the famous line, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall"—and probably even more fondly for his perseverance in defense of that line, in the face of ferocious opposition from powerful elements within Reagan's own administration.

Robinson's book provides plenty of detail about that controversy, and readers in search of inside vignettes from the White House will not be disappointed. But the book avoids the usual self-aggrandizing pitfalls of the White House memoir ("and then I told the President . . .") because it is truly *sui generis*: a remarkable combination of insider memoir, personal confession, and self-help manual. What integrates this book is an artful yet transparently honest attempt to find life lessons in Reagan's biography and character. For this task, it would be hard to find someone more qualified than Robinson. Early in the book, he describes how he and his fellow speechwriters would read speech drafts aloud, imitating Reagan's voice and mannerisms to see whether the draft sounded authentically Reaganesque or needed more work. This is just one of the ways in which Robinson became a devoted and creative student of Reagan. (This channeling even has a parallel in the Gipper's own life: Acting a role in a play or a film is an effort at sympathetic understanding of another person, and this dramatic work surely helped Reagan develop his legendary skill at relating to people.)

One important lesson Robinson learned from Reagan was that realism and optimism are not mutually contradictory; rather, both are essential. Here Robinson quotes helpfully from a Catholic priest, Rev. Lorenzo Albacete:

> We all have to take reality as it comes to us. [The question is] what you choose to *do* with reality. Reagan never permitted his misfortunes to interfere with his development as a human person. Instead he used them. . . . All his life Reagan exercised his free will by choosing to seek the good in reality as it came to him. . . . Bringing good from bad. Why should that be possible? Because of the deep structure of creation. Because of the way God himself ordered the universe. Remember Genesis? "And God saw that it was good." What you have in Ronald Reagan is a man who has made contact of the most direct and intimate kind with divine Providence itself. *That's* why Reagan is so serene.

This gets pretty close to the heart of Reagan, and especially to how he was able to make conservatism a dominant political force. He understood himself not as an angry Jeremiah fighting a doomed rear-guard action against insurmountable evils, but as a man lucky to be living in God's own world and doing his part to make sure more of the world got to enjoy that same good cheer, in freedom and prosperity. Robinson's chapter on religion shows that it's simply impossible to understand Reagan without taking account of the man's simple yet profound religious faith: He was able to balance the truths of predestination and free will—not, naturally, at the level of the discursive intellect, where it is probably impossible, but in the process of creative living. Reagan just *knew* that each life is the object of a personal God's benevolent plan, and this gave him peace of heart; but he also knew that he himself had a role to play and choices to make, and he did these things with passion and conviction.

Robinson's analyses of Reagan are highly impressive, but the best chapters of his book have to do with . . . his own wife and father. In his chapter on the Reagans' marriage, he gives us some of his most moving passages of autobiography. In these pages his love of Edita Robinson is palpable; one gets the sense that the love he fell into many years ago is the same one he lives in today. And near the end of the book, he discusses how he came, finally, to appreciate who his father really was: the quiet American who lost part of a lung to asbestosis because he was cooped up for three years in a boiler room on a Coast Guard cutter. That sacrifice will not take up many pages in the history books, but it did help us win World War II. He, like Reagan, was playing the role to which Providence called him. Thanks to James Agee and Walker Evans, the opening words of Ecclesiasticus 44:1 are well-known: "Let us now praise famous men . . ." The conclusion of Robinson's book almost uncannily echoes the rest of the verse: ". . . and our fathers that begat us."

Slowly and steadily, person by person, true love transforms the world into what it's supposed to be. Ronald Reagan might not have said it that way, but you can be sure he believed it. **NR**

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■ CITY DESK ■

A Village Voice

RICHARD BROOKHISER

WHEN Uday and Qusay passed over, one's thoughts turned to appropriate eulogists: Victor Davis Hanson, Mark Steyn, Christopher Hitchens. My thoughts turned to an old song about a crooked cop, "Duncan and Brady." In stanza one we meet Brady, riding an electric car (which dates the song), and itching to shoot someone "just to see him die." This is what happens:

Well Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar.
Along came Brady with his shiny star.
Brady says, "Duncan, you are under arrest."
Mm-hmm, Duncan shot a hole right in Brady's chest.
He'd been on the job too long.

The song moves through autopsy, funeral, and reax, and includes this epitaph:

Well Brady Brady Brady, you know you done wrong,
Breaking in here while things were going on,
Breaking in windows, knocking down doors.
Now you're lying dead on the barroom floor.
You've been on the job too long.

Best of all is that little refrain, a one-sentence essay in political philosophy. All despots have been on the job too long.

I learned "Duncan and Brady" from a CD of Dave Van Ronk, a Greenwich Village folk singer whose career is a case study in the transmission of style, and sometimes wisdom.

Van Ronk was a native New Yorker, born in Brooklyn and raised in Queens, who was expelled from high school "for mopery and general moral turpitude," as he put it in a set of liner notes. He shipped with the Merchant Marine, played jazz banjo and guitar, then found himself in the late '50s in the Village, where folk singers congregated in Washington Square Park on Sunday afternoons. Folk singing still bore the scarlet letter of the Henry Wallace campaign, half Communism, half moral uplift. "The sight and sound of happily howling Stalinists offended my assiduously nurtured self-image as a hipster," Van Ronk remembered. "To this day, I cherish a deep-seated loathing for anything that smacks of good, clean fun." But he sought the best, and strained it through his own knobbly sensibility.

Van Ronk's voice was a blunt instrument, renowned in those pre-amped days for sheer volume (he called himself the "hog-calling champion of upper MacDougal Street"). But he had learned his blue notes and his cracked notes from listening to Louis Armstrong, and he could be insinuating or sly as the songs required. His guitar playing was clear as water. His recordings from the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations, on labels like Folkways, form a primer for an era. One listens, undistracted by the later fame and shenanigans that trail Bob Dylan (a Van Ronk protégé) or Joan Baez.

The most striking feature of Van Ronk's early repertoire is its ecumenicism. There is blues and black religious music; one of the presiding spirits is the Rev. Gary Davis, a blind guitar-playing street preacher from South Carolina who moved to New York and taught a generation of finger-pickers. But there are also Irish songs, sea chanteys, and ballads from England by way of Appalachia. There is as much black and white as on a piano keyboard. The subject matter is equally catholic. Lust is there in full throat, but so are songs of death and the hereafter. Jelly Roll Morton's disgusting "Winin' Boy"—"Sister sister, dirty little sow, / You tryin' to be a bad girl and you don't know how"—keeps company with "Just a Closer Walk with Thee"—"In this world of doubt and snares, / If I falter, Lord, who cares?"

Van Ronk brought humor to his work, rare enough in a musician. Typically the funk of all those evenings in coffee houses, playing for small crowds, issues in bitterness; in him it issued in laughs. "Georgie on the I.R.T." sends up lugubrious ballads about heroic railroad engineers. The scene is Times Square, at 5:15 on a Friday evening. Georgie, the commuter-hero, tries to board a Brooklyn-bound train ("for . . . Brooklyn was his home"), but is caught by the closing door.

So when you ride the IRT and you come in Times Square
Incline your head a few degrees and say a solemn prayer.
His body lies between the ties, amidst the dust and dew;
His head it rides the I.R.T. to Flatbush Avenue.

Some of Van Ronk's songs won't say what they mean. "Cocaine Blues," one of his quasi-hits, might be a hymn to addiction, unless it is a warning from the drug czar.

Cocaine's for horses, not for men.
They tell me it'll kill me, but they don't say when.

But other songs mean one simple thing. The pentatonic ballad "Fair and Tender Ladies" is the plaint of a young woman wronged in her love. By the alchemy of seriousness, Van Ronk turns his rough voice, made rougher by the punishingly slow tempo he takes, into that of a young woman, self-abnegating, sorrow-full.

I wish I was a little sparrow
And I had wings and could fly so high.
I'd fly to the arms of my false true lover,
And there I'd be content to die.

Why is hearing this wisdom? Because sympathy instructs the heart.

Most of these songs come from the funky fields of the republic, from long-ago farms and small towns. Nothing could be farther from Stephen Sondheim. But they found a home in New York too. The city was a place to learn and play them, and send them back out into the world, maybe with a new twist. As it does with money, rumors, and arguments, New York takes greedily and gives generously.

And though we pride ourselves on rapid reaction, we can keep things in storage, like wine. Dave Van Ronk learned of Brady decades after he rode in his electric car. Van Ronk died last year, at the age of 65. I never heard him, and barely heard of him, while he lived. I discovered Dave Van Ronk when I had a store credit at my neighborhood Barnes & Noble, and my wife suggested we look at folk CDs. Maybe some guitar player was doing the same. It is the urban folk process. **NR**

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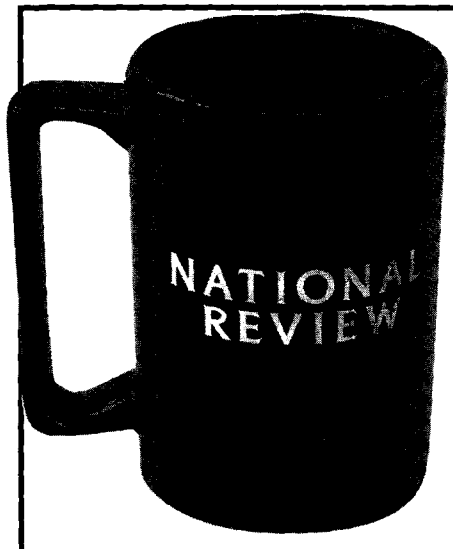

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Unscrambling Liberia

NEW YORK, JULY 22

THE Liberia squeeze serves political purposes for those who labor to accumulate faults in Mr. Bush's leadership. But some of these are conflicting. Certainly the Democrats will need to straighten out their views on the military and on expeditionary relief.

There is only one reason to refuse intervention in Liberia. It isn't a bad reason, but isolationism—the presumptive rule against going into a foreign country—looks squat and provincial and uncaring in such a situation as Liberia's. And then there is the question of military resources. The critics have been playing hard the line that our entry into Iraq has depleted our resources. That's true, and one response to that is to urge a bigger military. But to do that runs up against the general Democratic disposition to downplay the military. The Democratic critics are up in arms over the projected budget deficit and, in their censure, speak repeatedly about the $4 billion per month that we are spending to maintain the military operation in Iraq. They do not dwell on the $3-plus billion per month envisioned by the prescription-drug bill. But they race quickly to the tax cut, bemoaning the revenue lost when most it hurts, which is in election season.

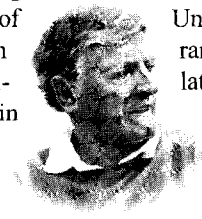
There is a creeping incoherence in the Democrats' general line, and the Liberian emergency will turn a floodlight on it. We have no national interest in Liberia. It is not alleged that, hidden there, are weapons of mass destruction, or storehouses for al-Qaeda. The deployment of eighteen mutilated bodies outside our embassy is understandably seen as a desperate cry for help. Help would be to provide shelter against one more African faction that, like so many others in recent years, is prepared to kill wholesale in order to steal wholesale and to exercise power. Moreover, the embattled chief is a murderous tyrant whom President Bush exhorted to leave office many corpses ago.

One surmises that Bush et al. are waiting for very hard international pressure to move into Liberia before consenting to do so. The great shakeout that will come in 2004 has to confront the questions: 1) Is the U.S. prepared to intervene in such theaters as Liberia? 2) What is the contingent military cost of waging that peace/protection/benevolence? And 3) How can we share the great-power burden, while husbanding that great-power responsibility we can't shed, and don't want to?

The Kennedy Curse?

NEW YORK, JULY 25

EDWARD KLEIN, author and editor, wrote for the current issue of *Vanity Fair* a story that challenged the faith in the matter of John F. Kennedy Jr. and his storybook wife, dead somewhere off Martha's Vineyard after crashing into the water on his private airplane four years ago. The event arrested the attention of the entire world. How could such a thing happen, given the sophisticated technology of the age in which young John was flying? I was in the company of a lifelong pilot when the news came in. He explained that John need only have done one thing to avoid the blindness of the fog that night: turn on the autopilot, and do whatever he was told to do by the air-traffic controller, who would have directed him, that particular night, either to Boston, or to Halifax, and a safe landing.



But Klein has a thesis that overwhelms such niceties of precaution. Yes, JFK senior might have authorized the bubble top on his limo in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and thus deflected the bullets of sharpshooter Lee Harvey Oswald. And Teddy could have stopped in at the house next door and reported that there was a girl in a car underwater and please do something about it. And young Joe Kennedy might have complied with the recommendation that the electric circuitry in his heavy bomber should be checked out, to avoid exploding in midair a few minutes later.

Klein runs the whole thing under the rubric of *The Kennedy Curse*, as he titles his forthcoming book. And he takes the reader back to Joseph Kennedy, the founding father, who chiseled his way to the Court of St. James's as ambassador in 1937. On a trip back to the United States, aboard an ocean liner that was also carrying Israel Jacobson, a poor Lubavitcher rabbi, and six of his yeshiva students, who were fleeing the Nazis, Kennedy complained to the ship's captain about the distracting noises caused by the Jewish passengers praying on the high holy days of Rosh Hashanah, demanding that they be forbidden to continue exercises so distracting to fellow passengers. "Rabbi Jacobson put a curse on Kennedy, damning him and all his male offspring to tragic fates."

Now it isn't entirely said in just that language, that Klein believes the curse to have taken effect. But he encourages something of the sort as he recounts the macabre fates of the Kennedys. He doesn't stop at the especially accursed children of Joe Kennedy. Here of course were the two most conspicuous casualties of the curse, a president of the United States shot dead, and an aspirant president shot dead five years later. Then there is Teddy's behavior, at Chappaquiddick, where he left the girl, and in Palm Beach, where he roused his own son and a libidinous nephew late on Good Friday to go with him to forage for sexual bait, resulting in a widely covered rape trial. The curse is visited in many ways, diffuses through cousins and grandchildren. Robert Kennedy's nephew is found guilty of killing the girl in Greenwich, Connecticut, 25 years after the deed. One's patience wears thin when, included in the chronicle of the curse, we see listed, "In 1955 Ethel Kennedy's parents are killed in a small plane crash in Oklahoma while on vacation." That would be some curse. A truly fissiparous incubus.

Well, count us out on that. The incidence of tragedy for the Kennedy clan is interestingly chronicled by Klein without any necessary reliance on Freud or on Cain. He is convincing in relating a dare-

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devil streak in the Kennedys; perhaps it was an outgrowth of ethnic resentment over discouragements visited on the Irish community when first they arrived in large numbers in the 19th century and were treated as a servile class by the dominant Protestants. The conflict was nicely joined when JFK's sister Kathleen became engaged to William Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire. Mother Cavendish was keeper of the Queen's wardrobe, or some such thing, and there was strong resistance to any notion of high British Protestant aristocracy marrying a Catholic girl: so Kick, as they called JFK's dashing, endearing sister, compromised on a civil marriage. The curse was very attentive to these proceedings and killed off the heir in battle a short time later, and soon Kick too would die in an airplane crash.

What to make of it all? The book by Edward Klein is engrossing to read, because it tells above all of Joseph Patrick Kennedy, a truly abominable man who made his way in business, politics, and, finally, clanship, fostering an incandescent string of Kennedys, strikingly engaged in myriad activity. Klein suggests that the story is hard to get out, because the protective barriers surrounding the Kennedys are militantly there. And it is true that Teddy survived mishap after mishap, but true also that naysayers get to write their protests. Richard Reeves and Thomas Reeves have written very good books challenging the immunities of the Kennedy myth, and here is another one. It is unreasonable to suppose that the doctrine of lèse-majesté will keep it from springing forward to wide public attention, even if its readers reject the imposture of one great Curse having it out on Kennedy blood.

The Constitutional Defense

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5

THE talk of gay marriage brings up two points of grave political magnitude.

The first is that gay marriage evangelists are ready to take advantage of that clause in the Constitution (the Full Faith and Credit Clause) that requires individual states to respect legislation and judicial findings of other states in respect of citizens of those states. A couple who are married in the State of Virginia must be treated, when traveling in Wisconsin, as married. The Constitution (Article IV) does say that "Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof."

That authority of Congress here is presumably evidentiary, not substantive. Certainly that position will be taken by those who will be citing Article IV as requiring every state to acknowledge as a marriage anything so deemed by the judiciary of the State of Vermont. One might rest easy at the prospect of Vermonters proceeding with their own tribal laws, but of course it would not be so. The Reno/Nevada formula would surely happen again. In the Thirties, people who wanted to be divorced even though the laws in the state where they lived wouldn't grant a divorce, traveled to Reno, and came back with their Full Faith and Credit divorces.

These stratagems for avoiding the law in the state in which you live are challenged as never before by that juggernaut determined to go all the way with the license given by the Supreme Court's *Lawrence* decision, illegitimizing de jure anti-gay legislation. The idiomatic compression of the legal argument would read: Since they can have sex, why can't they marry?

We have then the Full Faith and Credit Clause of the Constitution prospectively sanctioning a dramatic alteration in the basic social arrangements of the United States. Those who don't want such a change coming in from judicial syllogisms have now only the defense of a constitutional amendment.

Conservatives correctly tend to back off from such amendments. It is correct that amendments have frequently been proposed in the past to advance tactical objectives, among them the protection of the flag against desecration.

But the test now should be framed differently. It is: How does a self-governing republic proceed with a judiciary that has taken to writing basic laws?

Privacy advocates are perfectly free to reason that somehow, implicit in the spirit of the Constitution, there is something that permits the destruction of fetal life in deference to the private rights of women. But that is on the order of saying that somewhere in the bowels of Christianity there must be some inchoate provision against consigning anybody to hellfire. Such a position might be taken, pleading the infinite exercise of God's love. But it lieth not in any Christian catechism, no more in any constitutional document, that abortion is an absolute prerogative of a putative mother.

If the Supreme Court is going to continue to perform as a standing constitutional convention, then it becomes a conservative warrant to employ constitutional defenses. Seventeen amendments were passed after the Bill of Rights was promulgated, the most important of which were of course the amendments that forbade slavery and extended full rights of citizenship to women.

The necessary amendment need go no further, nor should go any further, than to limit the application of the Full Faith and Credit Clause to exclude any requirement to abide by laws or judicial findings authorizing same-sex marriage. If individual states wish to authorize civil unions between members of the same sex, they would be free to do so, but not free to plead immunities particular to their own state as extending to all 50 states.

This is a tough one for President Bush. But we usefully remind ourselves that the vote of the executive is irrelevant in constitutional amendments. The (required) two-thirds vote of the two branches of the legislature are outside the reach of a presidential veto. But, running for reelection, Mr. Bush's leadership in promoting this defense of marriage would figure prominently in the campaign for approval by three-quarters of the state legislatures.

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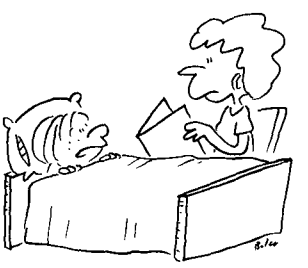

"An owl and a pussycat?—Is that legal?"

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what's right

DAVID FRUM

A Great Leap Forward

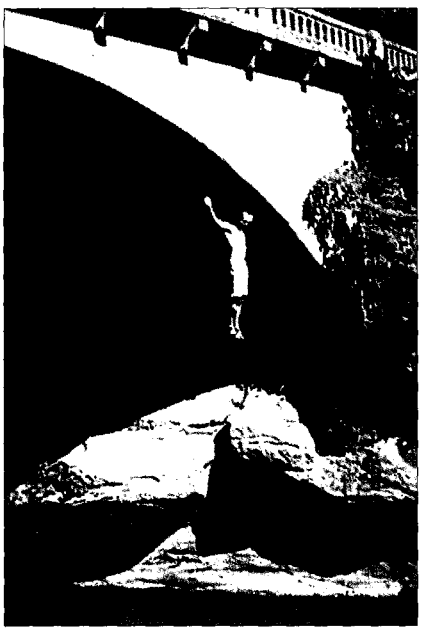
BAYSVILLE is a crossroads village in the Ontario lake country, about three hours northeast of the city of Toronto. It's a pretty place, with a few shops, an ice-cream store, a rustic restaurant, a row of quaint old houses, and a bridge. The bridge is actually busier than any of the town's roads. It overhangs a waterway leading into the big lakes of central Muskoka, and in the course of a single summer's day a couple of hundred vacationers will pass underneath it.

But this is not an essay about Canadian riverine transportation, fascinating though that subject is. The Baysville bridge is important in our house not because of what drives over it or cruises under it but because of what goes off it: Every single member of my wife's family.

When my wife and her brothers were young, my in-laws regularly rented a shack (they called it a "cottage") near the little town. And it was my father-in-law's practice, every summer, to stop the car at the little park beside the bridge, order all the kids out, and then dare them to jump off the bridge. He always led the way: He would climb onto one of the posts of the guardrail, stretch, and then dive headlong into the canal below. The kids would follow more or less reluctantly, feet-first. To this day, my wife says that whenever she has to do anything frightening, she tells herself: "Well, it's easier than going off the Baysville bridge."

Over the years, I heard these stories many times and even watched the jumps on scratchy old family films. I never quite got the point of them. Jumping off bridges just for the hell of it seemed to me a pretty lunatic way to spend an afternoon. But those of you who have been married for a while know that one doesn't question the habits or amusements of one's spouse's family, however bizarre they may seem.

This summer I saw the bridge in person for the first time. My wife and I had booked our two elder children into a summer camp up the road from Baysville, and we spent the weekend before camp began at a nearby lodge. It turned into quite a family reunion: My wife's parents came and her two brothers and their wives and children . . . and the next thing I knew, we'd all agreed to rendezvous at the Baysville bridge on Saturday morning.



I parked my van at the park and walked toward the bridge. I'd been preparing some little joke about how these things never seem as high in adult life as they did when you're a child—until I saw the thing. It was high: fifteen feet or more over the surface of the cold, black water. The ledge outside the guardrail was tiny, maybe six inches wide, just large enough for a child's feet, not quite big enough for an adult's.

My children looked at me expectantly, so off I went. It was sort of thrilling actually—a few seconds of plunging drop, a shock of pure cold, and then a stroke up and out of the opaque Muskoka water. After the newcomer had been hazed, the others followed, including my father-in-law, now 76 and wearing a pacemaker, who as usual dove off head-first.

Later, I asked him why on earth he had invented this strange ritual. He told me that as a child, he'd been terrified of heights—and somewhere along the way had decided that the only way to overcome his fear was to take up high-diving.

The highest dive he'd ever done, he said, was during the Second World War. He was a lieutenant on a destroyer. One boring day, he decided to try to dive off the bridge of the vessel, some 50 feet up. That was against the rules of course, so he had to go up in his clothes, and then hastily strip when nobody was looking. He had just got undressed when he looked over the side. He remembers thinking, "On second thought, this is too high." He was about to slink down to the deck when he heard somebody shout, "Lieutenant Worthington is going to dive!" "Then," he said, "I had to do it."

When he hit the water, he thought he'd broken his neck. But he survived, as he survived the war itself, and Korea afterward, and a career as a foreign correspondent. "You just give a push, and then it's done. Maybe you'll be afraid for a second, but you'll always know you did it and that you don't have to be afraid ever again."

I'm still not sure I'd advocate bridge-jumping as an essential part of a well-rounded childhood. A superstitious part of my mind wonders whether unnecessary risks don't somehow tempt fate. And yet, as I watched those children get bolder and bolder with each successive jump, I thought: Courage is like immunity to disease—it's accumulated in small doses.

Over the past three years, by ill chance, my children have had to face four harrowing moments: once in a car accident, again on 9/11, a third time when the Washington sniper did his killing a few blocks from their school, then finally just a few weeks ago, when an airplane on which they were flying lost an engine at 25,000 feet.

Danger comes unbidden. And from now on, it will strengthen them to say, "I jumped off the Baysville bridge—I can handle this." **NR**

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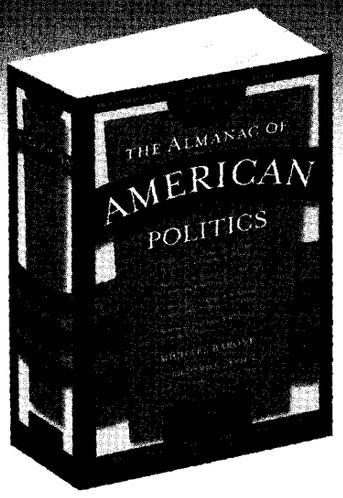

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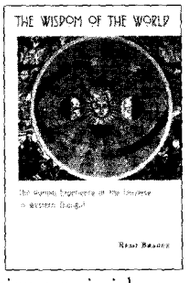

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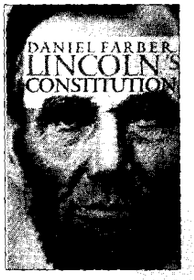

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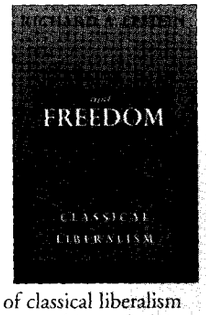

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What Harry Potter Can Teach the Textbook Industry

Diane Ravitch is a research professor, New York University; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

As the world knows, the latest installment in the Harry Potter series sold five million copies on the first day it was available. Many thousands (or millions) of American children stood in line for hours to buy the book.

Here's the rub: the same children complain incessantly that their textbooks are boring. Whereas they hunger to get a Harry Potter book of nearly nine hundred pages, they can barely tolerate the equally large books that are assigned in school.

What does Harry Potter have that the textbooks don't?

Today's textbooks represent a major achievement in visual design. They glitter with charts, photographs, drawings, and pedagogical advice to the reader. But they are boring.

While researching a book about textbooks, I asked a major publisher why the textbooks are so heavy with graphics. He said, "American kids don't like to read anymore. They are so accustomed to watching television and the Internet that a book can't hold their attention without lots of visual stimuli."

The success of the Harry Potter series shows that this assumption is wrong. American youngsters will read books that are exciting and well written, regardless of their graphics. They devour the Potter books because author J. K. Rowling has infused them with classic themes drawn from legend and myth, as well as biblical imagery. Like J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* books, Rowling's books resonate with suspense, mystery, intrigue, and showdowns between the forces of good and evil.

In contrast to the gripping tales told by Rowling and Tolkien, our history textbooks skim lightly above the surface of events, ignoring the fact that history is first of all a story. The history books excel at mentioning vast numbers of events, people, and ideas and compressing them into short summaries of a page or two. The drama of history and biography is sacrificed to the imperative of "covering" everything in a single volume. **Clashes of good and evil have been banished, replaced by pedestrian prose and thumbnail sketches.**

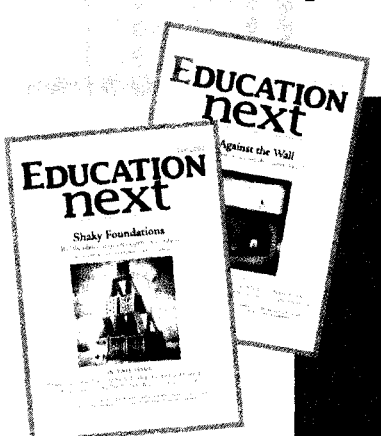
Similarly, our reading and literature books have achieved the heights of banality. Those who assemble them are careful to weed out controversial themes, anything that might upset pressure groups from left and right. They aim not to engage students' imagination but to bolster their self-esteem. Demographic correctness—the right percentage of authors and characters from every possible segment of society—has become more important than literary excellence.

Harry Potter has triumphed because his author understands the power of story. If the story is good enough, children will take a flashlight to bed so they can keep reading after the lights are out. Unlike textbook publishers, who must screen everything they print to avoid giving offense, she is free to write about a dysfunctional family, about the moral necessity to confront evil, and about how bad things happen to good people.

There is something terribly wrong with the political process that dulls the materials in our classrooms. Our children quite rightly reject writing that has been processed and homogenized by scores of textbook committees.

— *Diane Ravitch*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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